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PARTING.

BY A. P.

With heavy, tearful eyes, I see
Our blissful past go by: and yet
I would not, if I could, forget
How precious you have been to me.

Our meeting has not been in vain:
Your love has gently smoothed my way,
And made me stronger day by day
To calmly bear life's needful pain.

I bless you through my blinding tears!
Henceforth, while drifting on life's sea,
The memory of your love for me
With sweeten all my future years.

No human life is quite complete:
And while its tenderest mem'ries throng,
My heart takes up its well-known song:
Heaven sends the bitter with the sweet!

THE WAR OF THE ROSES

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," "PENKIVAL," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

SHE could not tell him. She hardly knew herself. She was not even conscious that it was the slowly-distilled and carefully-uttered words of Isabel Hyde that had impressed this belief upon her.

"Gertrude," he said, sadly, "I see a change in you."

"If your eyes were a little clearer, and a little keener, you would see a far greater change just now in yourself," she then retorted.

"My dear, you have no need to be sarcastic with me," he said, gravely. "Once more: will you kiss me, and make friends?"

"Never! while you speak to me in that 'Lord of Burleigh' fashion," she replied. "You should have married the daughter of a duchess."

"My dear," he said, quietly, "I married the only woman in the world whom I loved and that was yourself."

"You remind me of an anecdote I read the other day," she continued, "of a nobleman—I forget even his name, but he was proud to implacability; and one day, in order to draw his attention, his wife placed her hand on his shoulder; 'Madam!' he said, haughtily, 'my first wife was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty as that!' You are just like that man, Rudolph, whose name I forget."

"I do not think that I am in the least degree like him! How can you say such cruel things to me?"

"They are not cruel! They are only true!" retorted Lady Castlemaine.

"Why, Gertrude!" cried her husband; "I have never seen you so cross before! I can hardly believe that it is you!"

"I have no great reason to rejoice that I am myself," she said. "If you are disappointed in me, so am I in you!"

"But Gertrude, darling, I am not disappointed in you!" he said, and there was something of grieved amazement in his face. "Who could say so? How could you dream of such a thing? Have I not always loved you better than anyone, or anything?"

"I know you have said so," she answered with a darkening frown on her beautiful face; "but I can see how it is: you are infatuated over the claims of high descent, and you look down on me because I am the daughter of a city knight! I can see it in a thousand different ways."

"You cannot see it in one," he replied. "You have grieved and distressed me greatly, Gertrude!"

"You have done the same to me," she said.

He was silent for a few minutes, thinking to himself that he had never seen his young wife so angry before.

Then he went up to her frankly and held out his hand.

"If it be my fault, really," he said, "I am very sorry! Kiss, and be friends, Gertrude!"

"I decline!" she answered, proudly, and, rising with stately grace, beautiful Lady Castlemaine quitted the room.

She had gratified her pride; but she was not quite easy in her mind.

After all, what had she quarrelled with him about, and why had she refused to be friends?

She did not know the answer to the question, or she would have said that Isabel Hyde had slowly poisoned her mind and distorted her ideas.

* * * * * *

THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

They are grand old words which say, "Do not let the sun fall on thine anger," and this world would be a very different place if people acted more upon them.

Nothing can be more fatal to love and happiness than letting a quarrel pass over and die away of itself; words of peace and pardon should always be spoken.

The next time Lady Castlemaine met her husband, which was in the breakfast-room, he gave her the usual greeting; she answered him coldly—

"Good morning!"

Lord Castlemaine felt annoyed.

"She will speak first herself next time," he said. "I do not deserve this treatment."

And it is of such trifles as these that half the quarrels in the world are made.

The next time they met, which was in their own drawing-room, where several visitors were, they did not speak at all, and Isabel Hyde saw it with much unspeakable joy.

She did not know exactly what had gone wrong, but she saw that between husband and wife some shadow had fallen, some difficulty had arisen, she might fan it, she might increase it.

When Lady Castlemaine and she took their usual cosy cup of tea in the boudoir, Isabel broached the subject carelessly.

"Is Lord Castlemaine well?" she asked.

"Yes, I believe so," was the answer.

"Then he is not in his usual good humor. I thought this afternoon that he looked unusually dull or gloomy, or out of his spirits."

"He was merely cross," said Lady Castlemaine, half scornfully.

The worst thing that any wife can do is to make a confidante of anyone against her husband.

The faults of a husband should be sacred, should not be spoken of; a quarrel, however small, should be kept a secret; between the two who are so thoroughly one, there should be perfect loyalty, perfect honor, and the most perfect keeping of secrets.

Beautiful Lady Castlemaine took one of the most fatal steps in her life when she confided in Isabel Hyde against her husband.

Here was the frank, childish anger that is born of pique and has no motive in it. Isabel fanned it into flame.

"I have always understand," she said, "that sooner or later after marriage there is a struggle for authority between husband and wife."

"And which as a rule, wins?" asked Lady Castlemaine. "You see, Isabel, I was very young when I married, and it was only my first season; I had not had much experience. Which wins as a rule?"

"The wives, my dear; if they know how to manage it," replied Miss Hyde, her beautiful face for once assuming the wisdom of a matron of fifty. "The thing is Gertrude never to give in, to be firm from the first; if there is a slight misunderstanding, to wait until the husband makes the first advances. The woman who goes pleading and crying to her husband after a quarrel, is lost; take my word for it."

"Is she?" said Lady Castlemaine, dreamily. "But, then, Isabel, that does not seem quite right. After all, the husband is head, you know."

"Nonsense! That is an old, exploded superstition. Why should it be so? If you adopt those principles you will have a gloomy life of it. Why should men assume command, and women promise obedience, when, as everyone knows, in these days there is perfect equality between the sexes. Your motto—indeed, the motto of every wife—should be, 'Hold your own.'"

Lady Castlemaine looked thoughtful.

"But does that not make a great deal of misery and quarrelling?" she asked.

"There will always be quarrelling, but much less this way. If a husband sees that his wife knows, understands, and appreciates the value of her own position, knows how to make her stand, he treats her with a certain kind of respect. If he sees that she is frightened at him, that she is ready to yield him a slavish obedience, he despises her and tires of her."

"But that is not like marriage as I thought it was," said Lady Castlemaine. "There is nothing in all this about the union of souls."

"All nonsense!" cried Isabel, scoffingly. "One would think you had lived in Arcadia. Talk of union of money, union of estates, of position, of anything you will, but not of union of souls. The better plan is for everyone to steer their own course, but I know what I should do."

"What?" asked Lady Castlemaine, very slowly.

"I should hold my own," replied Isabel. "There are two ways of settling even this little quarrel of yours, which is not worth mention."

A faint shadow fell over the beautiful face of the young wife.

"Perhaps," said Isabel Hyde, "you would rather I did not say what I think on the subject? If so, I can be silent."

"No; I should like to know what you think," said Lady Castlemaine; but the shadow deepened.

"I should wait until he made the first advances. I should not let him see that I was in a great hurry to be friends."

"I shall not," said Lady Castlemaine.

Yet in heart she felt a yearning for his presence—a longing for him; she would have liked his arm round her waist; she would have liked his warm, loving caresses.

He had been so much a part of her life that it seemed painful to exist even for a few hours estranged from him.

She looked up with a sudden light in her blue eyes.

"Isabel," she said, "Rudolph likes his tea here in my boudoir; shall I send for him?"

Then Isabel's heart sank within her; after her long lesson, after her earnest endeavor to instill the opposite ideas into her mind; the sole result was—

"Should she ask her husband in to tea!"

"My dear Gertrude," she said. "Why consult me? I have given you my thoughts on the matter."

"Ah, then you would not ask him!" said Lady Castlemaine.

"You must look at it fairly," said Isabel. "If you invite him and he refuses, you will have drawn your own humiliation on yourself."

"I do not like humiliation," said Lady Castlemaine.

"Few people do; but you will have deserved it, if you do this."

The consequence was that those words went deeply into Lady Castlemaine's heart, and she determined not to invite her husband, to let him see that she could be cold and haughty as well as himself.

She could do without him, if he could do without her, and all the other silly sayings and fancies by which women seek to strengthen themselves in wrong doing.

Lord Castlemaine did not like this temporary separation from his wife, but he consoled himself by thinking it would be all right; that she would be sure to send for him as usual to join her at ten.

He waited with a certain sense of impatience for the summons which never came.

"It does not matter," he said to himself haughtily; "nothing could matter less if she does not want me. I can do equally as well without her, as I shall let her soon see."

There was bitterness in each heart, and a determination not to make the first advance.

Husband and wife met at dinner; they were compelled to exchange the ordinary civilities and courtesies of the dinner-table; but it was done with cold looks and averted eyes, which Isabel Hyde alone noticed, and at which she rejoiced.

There was a dinner at Neath House that evening, followed by a dance, and not one amongst the visitors noticed the estrangement between the beautiful young wife and her husband.

On that evening Isabel Hyde looked perfectly and radiantly beautiful; her dress was of pale rose pink and the richest black lace.

She wore some fine pearls, the gift of Lady Crosson. As usual she shared the honors with Lady Castlemaine.

No one knew which to admire most, the beautiful hostess or her very brilliant friend.

Isabel's quick eyes noted the shadow that evening on the face of the man she loved with such an evil love.

"He must learn to quarrel with his wife and not feel unhappy over it, before I can do anything with him," she said to herself; "but I am getting on; I am making progress; the love-spell is broken, they have quarrelled. I have inserted the thin end of the wedge."

Seeing Lord Castlemaine alone on the balcony, she went out to him.

"Do you find the rooms warm?" she asked.

"Yes, unusually so," he replied; "but the night air is beautiful."

"I will join you," she said, and she stepped from the drawing-room to the balcony. "You have the best of it; you have the moonlight and the fresh air all to yourself."

She went up to him and stood by his side; there could be nothing on earth more beautiful than this radiant woman with the moonlight on her face and the rose gleam on her dress.

"You seem out of spirits to-night, Lord Castlemaine," she said; then she laughed a low, rippling laugh that was like music and roused him from his reverie.

"What is it? What are you laughing at, Miss Hyde?" he asked.

"An idea which is probably a very absurd one," she answered; "but I was just thinking that a husband and wife ought to be equally balanced like a pair of scales."

"In what way?" he asked.

"In the way of spirits. If one is dull and depressed, the other should be the same; if one is bright and cheerful, so should the other be."

"And is not that generally the case?" he asked.

"No," she replied. "It should be, but it is not. I was thinking of the difference between you and Gertrude to-night; you look dull and pre-occupied, she is more cheerful, nay, more brilliant even than I have ever known her before."

"Is she—so happy—to-night?" he asked, slowly.

"Yes. I like to Gertrude happy; she is doubly beautiful when she is bright."

He thought to himself sadly that it was strange she could be so happy and gladsome when she was not friends with him.

"If she can be bright," he thought, "so can I; at least I can be as independent of her as she can possibly be of me."

He threw off his gloom and reserve. The lines of the old ballad then came to his mind—

"If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?"

If his wife cared to be brilliant and bright when she was not friendly with him, why should he care?

If she could impress upon others her gaiety and bright content when he and she passed without speaking, why should he despond?

While the moon shone on the beautiful face of the woman who was luring him to his ruin, he talked to her in a fashion nearer approaching to flirtation than he had ever done before.

CHAPTER XIV.

KISS AND BE FRIENDS.

"WE shall never quarrel again, shall we Rudolph?" asked Lady Castlemaine for by some means or other a reconciliation had taken place between husband and wife.

"No, my darling," he replied; "never!"

"I was miserable while I was not friends with you, Rudolph," and the white jewelled hands caressed his face, the sweet lips kissed him, and the sweet eyes rained smiles and kindness upon him.

"I was wretched too," he said. "I cannot imagine how we could be so foolish."

They were in the pretty conservatory, where the bright May sun found its way and fell on the rare and costly blossoms.

No flower there was so fair and sweet as the face of the woman who was clinging, with kisses, and tears, and smiles round her husband's neck.

With that beautiful figure in his arms, with those sweet lips caressing him, and the white, tender arms laid round his neck, Lord Castlemaine could not imagine how he had ever quarrelled with his wife.

"Rudolph," she said, after a few minutes, "do you remember that conversation of ours about the death of love?"

"I remember it well," he replied.

"And you said, darling, 'that when two people had the same faults, and had but little toleration for each other, love soon died.' I am afraid, at times, that is how our love will die; when I am proud and unforgiving, you are the same. It does not matter much now that quarrels are over trifles, but if ever we dispute over anything serious, what will become of us?"

"I can tell you," he replied, gloomily. "If ever any serious quarrel comes between us, we should break each other's hearts; those who love most, hate most: we have the same faults; we should torture each other to death!"

"Then we must be careful not to quarrel. I cannot imagine a love like ours being turned to hate."

"Can you not?" he said, gloomily. "I can! You may be quite sure of one thing, Gertrude; if we really quarrelled, it would be with twice the malice, and vehemence, and bitterness of people who love each other less than we do. We should end by being cruel to each other."

"I do not believe it!" she said, who knew everything by theory and little by experience.

"It is true, my darling! You know that great truth in science; extreme heat resembles cold; so, in the warmth of love, it seems to me there is something of the cold of cruelty. I have the certain feeling myself that I could be cruel to one whom I loved desperately. I have heard others say the same thing. Ah, Gertrude darling, we will not have this cruelty in love. We will be on the safe side."

"I think you are right," she said, clasping her arms more tightly round his neck. "Though I love you so dearly—better than anything in the world, better than life itself—yet if I were angry with you I could be cruel to you."

"And I to you," he said. "The thing is to avoid quarrelling."

"Rudolph!" she said, "do you believe that cruelty is inherent in everyone, lives in every heart, lies innate in every nature?"

"I have often thought so! Those who love each other have often pursued each other with most vindictive hatred. Most boys delight in cruelty—there are few exceptions. The difference is that the boy kills butterflies, stones cats and dogs, while the grown man breaks women's hearts."

"You are not cruel," she said. "You could never have done any of those things."

"No!" he replied, slowly; "I do not remember that I did; but then I was sensitive. I could not bear to inflict pain on anything created. I am more cruel as a man than I was as a boy. If you, my best beloved and dearest one, did me an injury—hurt me—defied me—I could be cruel to you, because my love would be so cruelly outraged; that is how it is. But we will not discuss the question any further; there will never be another quarrel."

And the reconciliation was so sweet, it was like a renewal of their happy days of courtship.

Isabel only smiled when she saw it; there would be another quarrel soon, and it would not be so easily healed; and she was right.

The second quarrel was more violent, was of longer duration, was more difficult to heal; and the reconciliation was less easily brought about.

Drop by drop the falling water wears the stone; little by little the brook widens into the river; one by one the leaves fall until there are none left.

So, little by little, fanned always by a treacherous enemy, the quarrel and want of harmony between husband and wife increased.

They had married from pure love, not from any idea that they were suitable to each other, they had never in the least degree studied each other's dispositions; and now that they began each to make the discovery of the other's faults, neither had the forbearance to put up with them.

"I had no idea that Rudolph was so impatient," said Lady Castlemaine, in one of her unfortunate confidences to Isabel.

Miss Hyde laughed.

"That is not impatience," she answered; "it is the Castlemaine temper."

"Why should the Castlemaines have a temper different to that of other people?" asked Lady Castlemaine.

Isabel Hyde laughed again.

"I do not think it differs from others," she replied, "only that it is just a trifle worse. My aunt, Lady Cresson knew your husband's father—I think he was an admirer of hers—and I have heard her say there were three things peculiar to the Castlemaines, their temper, their good looks, and their diamonds."

"The tempers of a whole line of ancestors would not effect me," said Lady Castlemaine; and she made a most unfortunate resolve to herself in that moment, and it was that she would never yield to these tempers.

If bad temper was one of the characteristics of the antiquity of love, why, thank Heaven! she came of a modern family.

The day after this conversation, husband and wife were together in the room that Lord Castlemaine liked best in the house—his wife's boudoir. Isabel Hyde was present.

"I should like luncheon an hour later today, Gertrude," said her husband. "Will it inconvenience you?"

There was something in his tone of voice, she could hardly tell what, that she resented; and never having learned the least self-control, she did resent it.

"It will not inconvenience me," she replied.

"From the tone of your voice I should say that it will be inconvenient for some one."

"The Castlemaine temper is rising," thought Lady Castlemaine; "but I never mean to be frightened at it, or to let it daunt me."

"It is inconvenient for the household," she said, and the Castlemaine temper rose again.

"Do you think then that I am to consult the household before I make an appointment?" he asked, angrily.

A mild answer, a kind word would have turned aside all his anger, and would have made him bend down to kiss his wife's face. A careless retort made him more angry still.

"I should think that every master of a house would think twice before he changed the arrangements of his household for the day."

"I do not see that," he said, shortly.

"I do," she replied.

"I decline to study the convenience of my servants in such an absurd fashion as that. You have no objection yourself, Gertrude?"

"Not in the least," she said; "all hours are the same to me."

"And you, Miss Hyde?" he added.

"I would go without luncheon to oblige you, Lord Castlemaine."

Then for the first time a wish half crossed his mind—that Gertrude were more amiable, more like Isabel Hyde.

"Thank you," he said as he quitted the room.

"So that is the Castlemaine temper!" said Lady Castlemaine. "Well, if fools trace their ancestry to apes, the Castlemaines must trace theirs back to bears."

Which speech Isabel Hyde was careful to repeat to Lord Castlemaine, under a solemn promise of secrecy, as an "excellent jest;" but he did not see it quite in that light.

Temper, pride, impatience lay between them, but up to this time there had been no jealousy, there had been no cause for any; but Isabel Hyde, after a careful study of both characters, had come to the conclusion that it was jealousy she must work upon.

It was latent in all the Castlemaines; it seemed to go naturally with their dark proud beauty just as it did with their warm passionate hate and angry tempers.

So no strange stories were told in the annals of the family of punishment given by jealous husbands to their wives.

Charles the Second smiled on Lady Edelgetha Castlemaine, and her angry husband took her off to Neath Abbey and kept her there; no more going to Court for him.

Lady Barbara Castlemaine was weak enough to admire enthusiastically a handsome and romantic young Italian tenor; her husband carried her home in the midst of the season, and never allowed her to visit the opera-house again.

They were men of fire and steel: men born to command; men who brooked no opposition, no contradiction; men who were accustomed to their own way as they were to the air they breathed; men who, with the most chivalrous respect for women, still considered them as of decidedly inferior creation.

They were to be cherished, taken care of, loved, worshipped, but never to step out of their place; never to assume that they were to stand side by side with their masters; they never had done so.

The Ladies Castlemaine had always been the most docile and obedient of women.

There was to be a change in their characteristics now.

The day came when Isabel Hyde stood with a smile on her beautiful face, and a look of triumph in her dark eyes.

"I see my way now," she said to herself, "straight without stopping. There was no pause in that terrible time when the fallen angels were driven from Heaven; there was no pause in that terrible hour when Michael, with the flaming sword, drove Adam and Eve from Paradise; neither will I pause in the task that I have undertaken, and, for the first time, I see my way to the end."

CHAPTER XV.

THE HANDSOME COLONEL.

EVERY season in town has its varieties, its belles, its beauties, its queens of the hour, its beaux, its eligible men, and its detrimentals.

This season one of the leading members of London society was the handsome and famous officer, Colonel Lennox.

He had distinguished himself by many acts of incredible daring during the war.

Acts of such heroism and bravery that the Queen herself gave him the Victoria Cross, with words that brought the tears to his eyes and made him swear that so long as he lived he would be a faithful servant and true knight to her Majesty.

Society opened its arms and he became one of its petted darlings. The world seemed to run crazy after him. The world likes variety.

The stories told of this handsome, brave man were delightful; it was not merely that he had led a forlorn hope, or dashed into the midst of the enemy, sword in hand, and had saved the colors at the imminent risk of his own life; that he had saved the lives of scores of men by taking up in his own hands a shell that was on the point of exploding; that he had rescued a comrade from the hands of three of the foe; that he had performed deeds of valor which even put the heroes of old to shame; it was also that he had a reputation for gallantry, that he was one of the handsomest and daring of men.

He was absolutely worshipped by the troops under his command; he was admired envied and liked by all his fellow officers; by women he was simply beloved, from highest to lowest; they found his bravery, his prowess, his handsome face alike irresistible.

They liked to look at the strong, white hands holding fan and bouquet, then remember how those same hands had held burning shells; they liked the exquisite modulations of the voice that had given daring orders to daring men; they enjoyed the flattering glances of the eyes that had flashed fire on the foe.

There was a variety and piquancy about it. It was something like taming a lion, and there is something more noble in the idea of a lion than an ape.

Colonel Lennox was the rage—the fashion; they called him the "Zulu Hero," the "Knight of the Shell."

When he made his appearance in fashionable drawing-rooms, the ladies crowded round him, and paid him all kinds of hero-worship.

They would have liked to listen to his adventures, but he was too noble a man to speak of himself, or of what he had done.

He was a magnificent man—tall, erect, with a broad chest, broad shoulders, finely-moulded limbs, a princely carriage; "every inch a soldier," his troopers said; his face was dark and bold, full of power and courage; the features were not refined, and had no particular delicacy, but they were strong and powerful—handsome, after a bold and manly fashion.

No one ever saw a shadow of fear in his eyes, no one ever saw him wince. He was fearless; his face impressed everyone who saw it with a sense of power; but—alas, that "but" must be written after everything!—had any one raised the thick, drooping moustache and looked at the mouth beneath, they would have seen the one weakness of his character.

He was brave to a fault; fearless, courageous, after the grand old fashion; the world told stories of his valiant deeds; but there was another side to his character, and it was not a pleasant one.

More than one tragedy had been laid at his door; more than one woman had died cursing his name; more than one husband had threatened to shoot him, but at the sight of the powerful figure and bold, daring face, had drawn back.

He had an evil reputation where women were concerned.

In the eyes of some who neither knew nor appreciated the virtue so dear to angels, his reputation was enhanced by this.

Clever and worldly mothers, who knew what a favorite he was in society, would say to their daughters—

"Do not on any account dance more than once with Colonel Lennox, and be sure not to sit out a dance with him."

It was hard work to resist when those handsome eloquent eyes of his pleaded, but the unwritten laws of society must be obeyed.

Men enjoyed the society of Colonel Lennox; they owned it quite frankly, and no one thought any the worse for them for it.

The matrons, both old and young, took open pleasure in the Zulu Lero's friendship, but it was an understood thing, one of the unwritten laws of society, that he should not be allowed to see much of the young ladies.

Matrons would crowd round him, would vie with each other in trying to attract his attention, would lavish invitations upon him, would talk by the hour about "that charming Colonel Lennox," but they were very careful over their younger sisters and daughters.

He had won honors, fame; and people paid homage to him as one of the bravest soldiers of the day; but he was not an eligible man; he was not rich, and, although he came of a good family, he had no position apart from his profession; and then there was always these whispered rumors of his gallantries and perfidies.

There was a story told that on the day when he had set sail for Zululand, amongst the crowd at the station waiting to see the White Lancers was a young girl with a beautiful face, and that when she saw him she stretched out her arms and cried, "Allan," in a voice that pierced the hearts of those who heard it.

He was seen to look quickly at her, with a darkling frown on his bold, handsome face, and then go away without even a word.

She fell in the street, on her way home, and was picked up dead.

There was another story told of a young and very pretty girl, with whom he had flirted desperately, without having had the faintest intention of marrying her.

Then he set sail for Zululand, without the offer she had so implicitly believed he would make her; the next thing heard of her was that she had lost her reason, and would never regain it in this life.

A darker story still came from a fair inland village.

He had been staying near it, and had made the acquaintance of a beautiful woman, the wife of a gardener—a man who made a good living by the growth and sale of flowers; a woman with a bloom in her face that was fairer than roses; and who was bright and innocent as the flowers themselves—until he came.

It was the old story, a faithless wife, a ruined home, and a husband maddened by his loss, and no redress.

All these stories were well known. One or two men at his club did not care much for the society of handsome Colonel Lennox; one or two who said that an English officer ought to be a gentleman, but that he who literally made war upon women could not be one.

This season, Colonel Lennox was as completely the rage as any beauty. It was well known among the fairer sex that he was delightfully wicked; that he had passed through many adventures; that his bold, handsome face ought to have been labelled "dangerous;" yet those who did not attract his attention were envious of those who did; those he passed by were jealous of those he admired.

Isabel Hyde had heard much of him before she saw him.

She was introduced to him at a ball given by Lady Cresson; neither Lord nor Lady Castlemaine happened to be present. Miss Hyde being the loveliest girl in the room, he devoted himself to her, and if her heart and her affections had not already been given, the chances are that she would have liked him. As it was she danced twice with him.

She showed him the rare flowers of which Lady Cresson was so proud. She talked to him in her bright, picturesque fashion, and when they parted it seemed as though they had been friends for many years.

Colonel Lennox thought her the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, and expressed a sincere desire that he should see more of her.

The morning following, Lady Castlemaine was tired and remained in her room. Lord Castlemaine and Isabel Hyde were together, and he was asking the details of the ball.

She began, with much animation, to tell him about the handsome colonel.

He listened in perfect silence.

"Do you know him?" she asked, after a time, curiously.

"No," was the brief reply; "but I have heard him spoken of."

"He is the finest and bravest soldier in England," said Isabel.

"Very probably. I have always thought our officers the finest body of men the world can boast."

"You will be sure to meet him," continued Isabel. "He is the most prominent character of the season."

But Lord Castlemaine made no answer, and Isabel, fancying that the subject did not please him, said no more.

"Perhaps," she thought to herself, "men are no better pleased at hearing each other praised than women are."

She had studied Lord Castlemaine's character well; but one point of it had escaped her.

He was a man to whom all kinds of gallantries and infidelities were utterly hateful.

One love, one wife to love in all good faith and honor, in all loyalty, was the Castlemaine notion.

The Castlemaines were all men of singularly pure lives.

They had no prodigal sons, no rouse amongst them.

They had little toleration for common vices; they had none whatever for runaway wives and bad husbands.

They were, one and all, "the white flow r of a blameless life."

Much as Isabel had studied the character of this man, whom she loved to the peril of her own soul, she had not noticed this which was certainly one of the brightest parts in it.

She pondered two or three times that day on what could be the reason that Lord Castlemaine did not seem to be more interested in what she had told him; why he had made no comment; he who generally entered, heart and soul, into everything that she discussed with him.

Lady Castlemaine behaved in a very different fashion when Isabel spoke to her of Colonel Lennox.

Her fair face flushed, and her eyes grew brighter as she listened to the stories of his bravery and his prowess.

Isabel was careful enough not to say anything of the other side of his character.

"He is like one of the heroes of olden days," said Lady Castlemaine; "like Horatius, who kept the bridge," and Miss Hyde smiled to herself, a peculiar smile, as she answered—

"He is, indeed!"

CHAPTER XVI.

A WICKED IDEA.

THE prettiest ball-room in London belonged to Lady Morgan: prettiest because it was lofty, so beautifully decorated, and always rendered so charming by the quantity and variety of flowers; it had been built after a fashion which made it capable of holding three times more flowers than any other ball-room in London.

It had a painted ceiling that was one of the wonders of the metropolis; richly paneled walls, beautiful recesses that were filled with fountains and flowers; it opened into a small but most exquisite conservatory at one end and the other end led into a suite of magnificent drawing-rooms.

When Lady Morgan gave a ball, those superb rooms were all thrown open.

It was said that more matches had been made there than in any other house in London; there were so many charming nooks for lovers, and the atmosphere—bright, light and laden with richest perfume—was conducive to love-making.

Lady Morgan was most wise and sensible in her invitations.

She always had a room full of pretty girls; plain or stupid women never received invitations from her; youth, beauty, and grace were the only things she considered first.

The result was always splendid balls, and on this evening her success was remarkable.

The ball-room was brilliantly lighted, and the light seemed to be of pale gold, that showed the superb coloring of the painted ceiling, the fine bloom of the flowers, the silvery spray of the fountains, the fair faces the rich jewels and costly dresses of the ladies.

A glittering scene, on which Lady Morgan gazed with pride.

The rival roses were both present, and each in her way was queen.

Isabel surpassed herself that beautiful evening.

She wore a dress of the palest amber brocade covered with the richest, finest black lace; she wore a few Lenten lilies in her dark hair, and she carried a bouquet of them in her hand.

Tall, beautiful, and stately, she looked like a young queen; there was something royal and gracious about her; but even her proud beauty paled before the fair loveliness of Lady Castlemaine.

On this evening she wore a dress of finest white silk, with a rich parure of rubies—a dress delicately trimmed with sprays of white lilac.

The dainty bloom on her face, the sheen of her golden hair, the light in her blue eyes, made a most beautiful picture.

A time came when, quite early in the evening, she felt some little fatigue, and she went with her partner, the best waltzer in England, the Duke of Portsea—to one of the fine large drawing-rooms opening into the ball-room; a magnificent apartment, where the hangings were of velvet, the furniture upholstered in the same material, the carpet of white velvet, with bluebells so artistically woven that they looked as though they had just fallen there, and one felt inclined to stoop and pick them up, the ceiling was finely painted; the walls richly paneled, a few pictures of rare merit hung on them; jardinieres held costly and fragrant flowers; white statuettes gleamed palely from the background of tall palm trees, a magnificent room, and, as the young Duke of Portsea said to himself, a fitting shrine for the fair and imperial woman he had led there.

Her beauty showed to perfection, with that rich blue background.

The duke pushed forward an easy chair, and Lady Castlemaine sank down upon it.

Titian might have painted her as she sat, there, her delicate face and golden hair rising as it were from the rich blue velvet, and the picture would have been famous for ever for the beauty, the richness, the magnificence of its coloring.

In one hand she held a richly-jeweled fan, made from the soft, white plumage of some rare bird; she held it against her beautiful breast, whiter still; a picture such as the world seldom sees.

As she was seated she did not see who entered the room or who left it; she had a vague idea that the other people were in the room, that someone was standing before a fine painting of "Cleopatra on board her galley," and that there was a little group before the copy of Gibson's "Venus;" but she had no particular interest, she was listening intently to something that the Duke of Portsea was describing to her.

She did not see a stranger enter the room look at her fixedly for some time, then disappear.

He was not there many minutes, but during those minutes he took a mental photograph of that fair and imperial woman that lasted until he died.

He stood quite still; he made no sign—no sound—he spoke no word; but he said to himself that he had met the woman who was his doom.

He did not wonder who she was or anything about her.

He looked at her, and said to himself that he had seen no other like her.

He drank in every detail of her loveliness.

The sheen of her golden hair, the soft rings of gold that looked like a crown on the white brows, that held the pride and beauty of a Greek goddess; on the lovely mouth, with its fine lines, its sweet but scornful curves, the perfect chin, and the little dimples which came with every smile.

He noted the statuesque grace of the beautiful blonde head, set so royally on the white neck, the pearly whiteness of the shoulders, which were as shapely as those of Venus herself; of the white rounded arms, and the perfect hands; he took in all the grace of detail, the delicate finish, and he said to himself—

"That is a woman of perfect beauty!"

He added some other words which it was well that no one else could hear.

Just as he left the room he met Miss Hyde, who was on the point of entering it.

Seeing him, she paused.

With a gesture she well understood, he intimated that he wished to speak to her.

She turned back, and walked by his side into the ball-room. He looked eagerly at her.

"Miss Hyde," he said; "did you see the lady speaking to the Duke of Portsea?"

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"Who is she?" he asked.

Isabel laughed.

"I should—or rather could—give you an answer as long as a three-volume novel," she replied. "You were not in town last year, so you know nothing of the 'Wars of the Roses.' That lady is my rival, the famous 'white rose.'"

"The 'white rose,'" he repeated; "why the name just suits her; but who is she?"

Miss Hyde saw the dark face quivering with impatience, and she smiled sweetly again.

"How impatient you are," she said. "That is Lady Castlemaine, the wife of Lord Castlemaine of Neath."

She loved him so well that it was impossible for her to pronounce his name as calmly as she uttered other words; an inflection of tenderness came into her voice; her lips seemed to caress the words as she uttered them.

"Lord Castlemaine of Neath," he said. "I know the name well enough, and I think I know the man; rather straight-laced, is he not, Miss Hyde?"

"I think he is all that is most admirable in a man," replied Isabel, and the colonel laughed at her enthusiasm.

"Whatever else he may or may not be, he is certainly the most fortunate of men to have that most beautiful woman for his wife."

"You admire her so very much?" said Miss Hyde.

"I have seen no one like her," he answered slowly; and Isabel looked at him with searching eyes.

An idea ran, with the quick vehemence of electricity, through her brain; an idea so strong, so sharp, so terrible, that it startled her, but she would not look at it. She put it back, as it were.

Another time she would look at it—perhaps encourage it—but not now.

"You do not know Lord Castlemaine?" she asked.

"No; I have never met him, but I have heard him discussed like everyone else. I should like to know him."

"That is more than he said of you," thought Isabel; and again that sharp, wicked idea seemed to tingle through her brain.

"Miss Hyde," said the colonel, "do you know Lady Castlemaine well?"

"Yes; she is my dearest and most intimate friend!" was the reply.

"Will you introduce me to her?" he asked.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure. Lady Castlemaine is a hero worshipper. We were speaking of you the other day; but I must not tell you what she said."

The colonel bowed.

"Do you mean that she spoke kindly of anything I have done?" he asked, and the bold, handsome face grew pale with emotion.

"I tell you she is a hero worshipper, but I shall tell you no more," replied Miss Hyde.

She seemed suddenly to grow faint and dizzy, as "the idea" returned to her with electric force.

She stretched out her hand and gave a little cry.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing," she replied, laughingly. "See the Duke of Portsea has left the drawing-room. I will introduce you to Lady Castlemaine now, if you wish?"

"I do wish," he replied, and they returned to the drawing-room together.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT LAST! AT LAST!

LADY CASTLEMAINE was sitting alone when Miss Hyde and Colonel Lennox entered the room; she had evidently been speaking of something that amused her, for a smile still lingered with dainty curves on her beautiful lips, and a soft, dreamy light was in her blue eyes. She looked up as they drew nearer to her, and the thought occurred to her what a handsome pair they were.

She had always admired the dark, proud beauty of Isabel Hyde.

Her eyes rested calmly on the magnificent figure of the man by her side, and on his bold, handsome face; and no warning came to her that the tragedy of her life in that moment began.

She saw wondering admiration in the bold eyes that had never fallen beneath the gleam of another; she saw some strange expression in his face as he bowed low before her.

Isabel introduced him in a few graceful words, but, like all other words she uttered they were full of point; and then Lady Castlemaine looked in the face of the man who was to bring her doom upon her.

There was nothing to indicate that it was the dawn of a tragedy.

The words spoken were at first few and commonplace enough, like the opening bars of an overture, which gives but a faint idea of the harmonies to follow.

Then Colonel Lennox, emboldened by the smiles of the beautiful, gracious woman, asked permission to take a chair near her, and Isabel stood watching them.

Ah, me! how the idea grew and grew, how it electrified her, now she stood with her heart beating, her face flushing, a bright light that was almost terrible to see in her eyes.

Yet—!

She beat it back, she would not have it; she would not look at it until she could examine it face to face.

Her white fingers were tightly interlaced yet, what was she watching—a very ordinary scene, a man with a bold, handsome face talking to a fair, gracious woman.

The colonel grew bolder and asked for a dance, but not for the world if Lady Castlemaine was tired.

She was tired, but there seemed to her something of a novelty in dancing with this man who had such a reputation for brave and daring deeds.

She looked at those strong arms that had done such wondrous acts, and could hardly fancy them clasping the slender figure of a girl; it would be a novelty to dance with him.

He had taken up in his hands the bouquet of white lilacs that lie on the table, and she, looking at the hands that touched the flowers so carefully, thought of the story she had heard; how he had picked up the burning shell and thrown it away.

She was a hero-worshipper by nature, and he interested her.

Isabel stood by in silence.

If Colonel Lennox could have seen the expression of her face he would have marvelled at it.

Lady Castlemaine was not too tired to dance, and soon afterwards the sad, sweet music of the "Manola" waltzes floated through the room.

Colonel Lennox had faced death; he had held his life as it were in the palms of his hands; he had done the most reckless and the most daring deeds that a man can accomplish, but in the whole of his reckless life he had felt no such emotion as this.

It was like dancing with a goddess; Lady Castlemaine was the very embodiment of the poetry of motion.

She was still more deeply interested when the waltz was ended and he took her to see one of the finest pictures in Lady Morgan's possession, and they stood for some time before it talking eagerly, interested, but—forgetting the picture.

"Hero worship," thought Isabel Hyde, an hour afterwards, as she saw Lady Castlemaine's blue eyes raised to the bold glance of the White Lancer.

She had watched them, and followed them; yet she would not look her idea straight in the face. She admitted this much to herself:

"The husband does not like him, I know it by instinct, but the wife does. She has heard no evil of him; she has heard all those stories that delight a woman like herself; she will like him; she will wish to see more of him, and Rudolph will not allow it. Ah, Heaven! do I see my way at last?

Her heart beat loud and fast; it seemed to her almost as though she were in view of the Promised Land.

"They must become friends," she said to herself, "before Lord Castlemaine knows that she has been introduced to him, if not—" and she did not finish her sentence, even to herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

AT a recent marriage in Ohio the bride, a Miss Morris, wore a dress that was imported from Paris in 1742, for a wedding, and has been in the family ever since, being used only on such occasions. It was worn again in 1776 as a wedding dress, but not again till the other day, when Miss Morris donned it. Not a stitch has been altered or added to it, and it is in almost as good condition as when new.

IN a cotillion recently large paper screens were set up on the floor, and through one of them a lady drove by satin reins, with a crash, three gentlemen, who were met by three ladies driven through a similar screen by a gentleman.

Bric-a-Brac.

THERE is a growing impression that Lot's wife turned back to get her gloves.

DWELLING IN UNITY.—The Church of the Holy Ghost at Heidelberg is divided by a partition running lengthwise through it. On the one side the service is Protestant and on the other Roman Catholic. The Elector-Palatine, in 1719, undertook to annex the Protestant part of the church, but the attempt was a failure.

OLD SHOES.—Even old shoes are valuable. They are cut up in small pieces, and these are put for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur, which makes the leather very hard and brittle. After this is effected, the material is washed in water, dried, ground to powder, and mixed with some substance which makes the particles adhere together, as shellac, good glue, or thick solution of gum. It is then pressed into moulds, and shaped into combs, buttons, knife-handles, and many other articles.

MAKING BAD WORSE.—Meddling with others sometimes brings us into scrapes, and thereby one of the elders of a certain church once made "bad worse." A young fellow entered the church and took his seat with his hat on. An elder, noticing it, stepped up and requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with he came to the young man a second time, and seeing he still hesitated the elder gently lifted it off, when to his chagrin, out rolled a quart of hickory nuts. "Man," quietly said the youth, "see now what you have done!"

INDIAN SUMMER.—This is a term applied to an indefinite autumnal season of fine, fair weather with haze. Some date its beginning about November 15, but that is arbitrary and not warranted by the season itself. Such a brief season is apt to come in November, as every American knows. In that "summer" the Indians used to gather their corn and scour the woods for nuts. They thought the mildness due to the "God of the Southwest" wind, which god they looked upon as their benefactor. As he smoked his pipe the blue haze curled upwards from the bowl thereof and was blown benignantly over the land.

ACROSTICK.—This word is derived from the Greek 'akron,' a point or a beginning, and 'stichos,' a verse. Acrostics were in vogue as early as the fourth century; they were fashionable among the early French poets; and in England in the sixteenth century it was customary for a lover to express his admiration of his fair mistress by composing an acrostic on her name. The following was written more than half a century ago—

"E ndeared, fair lady, is thy name to me:
L ong with delight shall it remembered be.
I n friendship joined, though distant far we roam,
Z one of fond hearts, this makes our spirits one,
A nd proves in converse sweet our heaven begun."

HARD TO SWALLOW.—At a mess dinner the conversation turned on animal training. "Ah!" said Major Hinks, "I remember when I was at Bogaleywallah I tamed an oyster. He used to follow me all over the house like a dog. The Kitmaghars used to bring him in to dessert, like a child, and he would sit on the table at my side, with his shell open, and crack filberts—most affectionate little creature." "Have you got him still, major?" asked a doubting auditor. "No, sir; he came to an untimely end. A friend of mine came into the dining-room in my absence, saw the oyster with his shell open, and swallowed him. I shall never have another such pet!" exclaimed the major, with a sigh. "No doubt your friend swallowed the oyster," said the president, "but I'm afraid we can't swallow the story."

MAZEPPA.—Voltaire, in his history of Charles XII., says— "Mazeppa was a Polish nobleman, born in the Palatinate of Podolia. He was educated as a page to Jean Casimir, at whose court he acquired some knowledge of the Belles Lettres. An intrigue which he had with the wife of a Polish Palatine having been discovered, the husband had him tied naked to a wild horse which was then let loose. The horse, which came from Ukraine, went back thither, carrying with him Mazeppa, half dead from hunger and fatigue. Some peasants took care of him; he remained with them a long time, and distinguished himself in several excursions against the Tartars. His superior information made him highly respected amongst the Cossacks; and his fame, which was daily increasing, induced the Czar to create him a Prince of the Ukraine." This is the historical fact which furnished Lord Byron with the subject of his poem with this title.

JAPANESE CHILDREN.—Japan is the children's paradise. In no other country are the young people treated with such consideration. Two days are national holidays for the children. The third day of the third month is the girls' festival. In every family you will find dolls in large numbers arranged in one of the rooms reserved for that purpose. These have been handed down from one generation to another. Every mother presents each of her girls with a doll every time this festival comes round, and as the dolls are never destroyed, in time they become numerous. The boys' holiday is the fifth day of the fifth month. On the morning of this festival the boys, after passing under the barber's hands, with clean-shaven heads and dressed in their best clothes, go to the temple and offer a prayer and then start off for a lark. In front of every house in which a boy has been born you will see a paper fish flying in the wind from the end of a long bamboo pole.

MY PICTURE GALLERY.

BY J. L. L.

'Tis no oaken panelled room with art treasures hung,
Lovely fabled haunts whose charms olden poets sung:
Quaintly robed and powdered dames fitly set in antique frames.

Painted shepherds tend no flocks 'mid Arcadian bowers,
Nor with minstrel wreath and lyre smile away the hours:
One fair landscape, one alone, only can I call my own.

'Tis a cottage vine-festooned, on a rising ground,
Leafy woodlands shadow it, roses bloom around:
Clear and bright its streamlets run, dimpling, sparkling, in the sun.

There my happy youth was spent, there my childhood played,
When sweet ties and kindred hearts earth an Eden made:
Memory is the golden key of love's picture gallery.

Portraits line its silent walls, each one in its place,
And the true and tender eyes of each angel face
That has looked its last below, follow me where'er I go.

Earthly sunbeams pass it by, never down it shine,
Yet to me each picture glows with a light divine,
As I tread its lonely floor, enter its enchanged door.

To Love and Honor.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOLLY'S LUCK," "PEGGY," "TWO BRIDAL EVES," "A SHOCKING SCANDAL," "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

SO he salutes the assembled court with a smile, the frank graciousness of which is all-embracing, and a bow so graceful and unembarrassed that John Osborne, who is constitutionally awkward and Philistine to the backbone, half-admires, half-resents it as something that goes beyond the probabilities of nature.

"Oh, John, isn't he handsome?" Miss Julia whispers, clasping her little hands and rolling her pale blue eyes in a girlish ecstasy.

"Nothing to make yourself a dunce about Ju!" is the gruff answer. "Good-looking enough, but too much like a play-acter for my taste. He walks in as though the curtain had just rolled up; and, for my part, I feel as though I ought to applaud him before he begins."

Miss Julia colors and tosses her yellow head, indignant alike at the depreciatory criticism of the man she sincerely admires and the uncivil remark to herself.

Fortunately however there flashes across her mind a suggestion so flattering to her vanity that her good temper and complacency are restored as by magic.

"John is jealous," she thinks, with a thrill of triumph—"jealous of that handsome Isidore! Poor fellow! Well, I can't be cross, and I can't snub him, though he does show his feelings in such a terribly brusque fashion!"

And she sighs to think John never will be what she considers a lover, a being all smiles and sighs and dainties compliments—but smiles over the comforting reflection that, unromantic as he is, he at least come from the other end of the world to endow her with something more substantial—a husband and a home!

"No; I don't like his face," John grumbles on sotto voce, innocently unconscious of the suspicion that flits through his companion's head. "If Harriet's of my mind, she will put him through his facings pretty sharply. However, he's here to speak for himself, and it is only fair to listen to what he has to say."

Miss Julia nods her head, and John prepares himself with outward stolidity but attentive interest to hear.

What Monsieur St. Just has to say is so gracefully worded, so frank and straightforward, that both the women are won over at once, and even the male listener is forced to grunt a reluctant and audible approbation that brings a quick gleam of what cannot be amusement, but oddly suggests that inopportune sentiment, to Isidore's brilliant eyes.

He is indebted to madame forever, he says, his soft rich voice thrilling with the fervor of his words.

She has given him the opportunity for which he longed, with an eagerness unexampled and indescribable.

And he bows, and makes a movement as though he would kiss the thin shriveled hand that plays nervously with a gilt paper-knife—a demonstration that so alarms Miss Smerdon that she instantly places the menaced member out of danger's reach behind her.

Isidore draws back with undiminished grace, and slowly proceeds fluently with his speech.

Consulting his own inclinations, he would rather have bitten than kissed the hand that odious letter; but he thought the exigencies of the scene required the salute, and was ready to sacrifice himself as ever to his art.

"You really love Cressida Leigh, and wish to marry her?" Miss Smerdon asks sharply.

The Frenchman's eyes roll upward in an eloquent ecstasy; and he answers with admirable promptitude—

"It is the dream of my life, madame, the passion that alone excuses my speaking to the young person before I had consulted you."

Julia Smerdon listens with a pang of envy.

With what an ideal lover fate has endowed that chit of a Cressida! she thinks; when would her stolid British John achieve such a bow or turn such a wonderful phrase as that?

But Harriet, though a little relieved, is by no means so unqualified in her admiration.

"He is dreadfully theatrical; but I suppose that's owing to his nationality, and he cannot help it," is her mental comment; then she says aloud, with a touch of the old scholastic severity—"It was very wrong and very ungentlemanly—but we will not say any more of that."

"I thank you, madame," the young man murmurs penitently; and, if the light that gleams between the thick black lashes is rather mocking than remorseful, it is effectually hidden in a gracefully submissive bow.

"Then I suppose you will have no objection to marry her when my sister marries Mr. Osborne—that is to say, in three weeks from the present time?"

She studies the dark handsome face closely, but can read there only undisguised joy; and seeing that she draws a quick breath of relief.

"Very well, Monsieur St. Just," she says, extending a large loan hand, which he squeezes and bows over, but does not this time offer to kiss. "I apologise for my rudeness, and thank you for the straightforward answers that have lifted a weight from my mind. One question more, and I will call Cressida. Are you at present able to support a wife?"

Monsieur St. Just's frank smile and shoulder-shrug are as candidly conciliatory as they are modest.

"Mademoiselle Cressida has not been reared in luxury," he says pleasantly. "I shall not shrine her like a princess, but I shall keep her from want. I have excellent connections, and as many lessons as I suppose to give. Ca suffit, n'est-ce pas, madame?"

"Certainly," says Miss Smerdon; and the last cloud clears from her wrinkling brow with the words. "And now, Monsieur St. Just, I have a piece of news for you. When Mrs. Leigh, Cressida's mother died, she left in my hands seven hundred pounds, which sum was to be spent on the child's board and education. I did so spend it; and she would, of course, be penniless now, but that Mr. Osborne ——"

"The long and the short of it is," John interrupts gruffly, "that having brought up the child from a baby, Miss Smerdon has grown attached to her, and, as she may never see her again, she makes her a parting present of her mother's little fortune—that's all. And, that being understood, there's no need to make any more fuss about it."

No casual looker-on would have credited the brusque red-faced man with the delicate generosity that really moves him; whereas the fine mask of Isidore suggests very little of the selfish elation he feels.

He is quite enough enamored of Cressida's delicate girlish beauty to take her without a dower; but the few hundreds of which he now hears for the first time are an inestimable addition to her charms; and, even while in a few graceful and well-chosen words he thanks monsieur and madame for their generosity, he is thinking how gaily he and his little English wife will dissipate those same hundreds in the joyous honeymoon days to come.

And then Cressida is duly summoned, and comes down with paler cheeks than Isidore likes to see, and lovely startled eyes that seem to dread everything that they look upon.

She even shrinks from Isidore's embrace when at last the lovers are left alone; and when, in ardent and affectionate terms, he unfolds his plans to her, she stares at him for a moment in dazed wonder, then breaks into a sudden disconcerting passion of childish tears.

"Oh, not so soon, Monsieur—Isidore, I mean!" she cries. "They cannot mean that I should do such a dreadful—I mean such a very solemn thing in such a big hurry."

For a moment Isidore's handsome face grows almost ugly as he stands looking at the down-bent golden head; but the frown that distorts it passes in a second; the girl does not lift her head, she only listens, and the voice that pleads and argues is dangerous in its persuasive sweetness.

Clearly and eloquently he places the future before her—shows her how utterly alone in the world she will be when the Misses Smerdon have left England for their antipodean home; then, as a contrast, how he will love and cherish and worship her; how she will grow in beauty and happiness, and make the very joy of his exiled life.

The girl cannot resist such tender flattery and little she yields, until at last, with a quick blush, a frightened upward glance and a long-drawn breath that is half sob, half sigh, she falters forth the "Yes" for which her ardent lover pleads—the "Yes" that seals her doom.

"Heaven bless you, child!" Miss Smerdon says a little later, clasping the girl to her with real emotion. "You have made me almost happy!"

And after that, Cressida can say nothing of her own foolish, childish fears.

CHAPTER IV.

WHOM God hath joined together let no man put asunder!"

It is all over now, and Harriet Smerdon draws a deep breath of relief. She feels as though a world's weight had been suddenly rolled from her shoulders, and she could rejoice in some great new freedom.

The past three weeks has been a busy time for her, but she regrets none of its work and none of its worry, as she stands in the full glow of the July sunshine that streams through the painted window of the church, and bathes the kneeling figures on the altar-steps in a warm rosy light, "two bridegrooms and two brides."

With the loss of that heavy burden of responsibility a long dormant sense of humor wakens in Harriet Smerdon's breast, and she smiles at the contrast the two couple present.

By Julia's desire, she and Cressida are dressed exactly a'like, though neither wears the satin and orange-flowers proper to the occasion, a gray traveling-dress and hat, a knot of white flowers at the throat, that is all; and Julia is fully convinced that they look like twin sisters as they bow their heads for the nuptial benediction.

"It is a pity John is such an old frump!" she had said reflectively, as she drew on her long daintily-tinted gloves and took a final survey of her own trim figure before departing for the church. "Of course he is the best old fellow in the world, and I love him dearly; but he has no idea of making the best of himself, and will be such a dreadful contrast to that handsome Isidore. Whereas I," Miss Julia drew up her tiny figure, poising on the pointed tips of her pretty French-gray boots, and smiled at the small person reflected in the mirror with ingenuous admiration. "Really, Harriet, would not any one think that Cressida and I were twins?"

Miss Smerdon, working against time at the moment, had left the words unanswered and hardly heeded them then; but they come back to her now, and, gazing at the two faces under the soft droop of the long ostrich feathers, she mentally decides that Cressida looks fresher and fairer than ever, with the new solemnity that the sacred rite has brought to the lovely eyes and sweet sensitive lips, while poor Julia's face, with its self-conscious smile of antiquated coquetry, is only more wizened, pinched, and wan.

"Yet she has the better husband," she thinks, a little uncomfortably; for, do what she will, she cannot argue down the vague distrust with which the brilliant Frenchman inspires her, unjust as she honestly believes it to be.

"John Osborne is a man in a thousand, and Julia has drawn a prize of which she does not dimly guess the worth. I wish my poor little Cressida had been as lucky, that she too had found an honest high-minded Englishman. Ah, there it is!" she breaks off with a forced laugh, unreasonably glad of an excuse to mock at her own forebodings. "It is a case of national prejudice, after all. I am a bigoted Briton, and cannot believe the average of men of any country equal to those of my own."

Certainly there is little to complain of in Isidore's conduct to-day.

His dark eyes glow with tenderness and pride as they rest on the fair blushing face beside him and he thanks Miss Smerdon for the priceless treasure she has confided to his charge in such well-turned phrases as John Osborne could assuredly never master; but, even smiles hopefully, and assures herself that all is for the best, there is a lurking uneasiness in her thoughts that makes the wedding-cake bitter, and dims the sparkle of the champagne.

When the modest wedding-breakfast is over, John Osborne takes the brilliant bridegroom aside, and, in his own ponderous kindly fashion, bestows upon him the promised cheque and a word or two of well-meant advice.

"You will be kind to her, my boy," he finishes, a little awkwardly, shaking the slender hand with unconscious energy. "Miss Smerdon tells me she's as good a girl as ever lived, and she is a little unhappy about leaving her."

Isidore, who has taken the cheque with discreetly veiled eagerness and the advice with delicately accentuated respect, now gives the required promise with rapturous fervor.

"Her life shall be all sunshine," he begins, kissing his slender finger-tips in homage to the absent Cressida. But John, who is nothing if not practical, interrupts him with a short laugh.

"No life can be that, my lad," he says, not unkindly, for he thinks the rhapsodical speech the honest outcome of a young lover's enthusiasm; "don't bring any cloud to overshadow or storms to wreck it yourself, and shelter her with your love in all the troubles Heaven may send her, that is all Cressida's best friends will ask of you, and so much, as an honest man, you are bound to do, and now, that's all I have to say."

"Quite enough too, mon vieux, since the rôle of 'pere noble' hardly suits your proportions," thinks the much-amused Isidore though his face is composed to a look of deeply-moved interest; then they return to the room in which all the women are assembled, to which Cressida is bidding her life long friends, her only friends, "good-bye."

She cries like a child over that parting, and Harriet Smerdon crushes down her own remorseful sorrow that the girl's first glimpse of her new life may not be all dimmed and blurred with tears.

True, tears are permissible on a wedding-day, Julia herself will shed a few orthodox drops presently; but it is a real tempest of grief that shakes this girl's slender frame.

It almost seems as though some sudden foreboding seized her, as she clings round Miss Smerdon's neck in a passionate farewell.

"Heaven bless you, child, and good-bye," the latter says hurriedly, as John's heavy tread and Isidore's lighter footfall are heard in the hall. "Write to me if—if anything is wrong; you shall have our Australian address. Be happy, child or you will lay a heavy burden upon me!"

"Here is your husband, Cressida," Miss Julia's voice breaks in sharply.

Julia is rather indignant that Cressida's figure should be thrust so prominently into the foreground on her wedding-day.

Cressida raises her tear-wet face, with a rather scared look, and the rest of the farewells are got through without further break-down.

The carriage that is to take the young pair to the railway-station is at the door now, and Monsieur St. Just hurries his bride into it with a frank boyish impatience that brings a smile to John Osborne's face, a smile that lingers there still when he returns to the house, a smile his sister-in-law finds infinitely reassuring.

"You think he will be kind to her, John? You think I shall not have to repent this day's work?" she asks with an eager anxiety that touches the soft warm heart that rough exterior hides.

"My dear Harriet, he will be a brute if he is anything else," Mr. Osborne says kindly. "I think they are facing the world with as fair a prospect of happiness as most young couples; the rest we must leave to Heaven. And now," he adds, ending the solemn pause with a quaintly humorous smile, "don't let one bride and bridegroom absorb all your interest, you have still to dispose of Julia and me."

Miss Smerdon awakens from her reverie with a start.

Yes, luckily for her, she has plenty of work to do.

In one week from this day she will be on board the P. and O. steamer, her back turned forever on the old world, in which she has known so much of work and pain, in which her youth and middle life have passed wearily away, her face set steadily towards the new, wherein her latter days are to be spent in something like contentment and peace.

In one week! She can hardly realize it!

There is so much to do still, and she must do it alone, for John and Julia must perforce be allowed one honey-week at a fashionable watering-place.

John, indeed, to whom it is always easier to be useful than sentimental, would far rather spend his time cording boxes and writing labels, running errands and consulting time-tables and shipping-lists, than throwing pebbles into the sea and drawing cruel but involuntary comparisons between the pretty sentimental Julia of his youthful recollection and the faded affected Julia of existent fact—John would gladly have relinquish this supplementary journey; but Mrs. Osborne, who thinks her honors have been more than sufficiently stripped, asserts her right here, and of course has her way.

At last however it is all over; the school, as a school, ceases to be; the furniture is all sold, the last personal possession has been carted away; Beech House Academy stands empty and desolate, and Mr. and Mrs. Osborne are steaming away as fast as the good ship *Adelaide* can bear them to their new home beneath the Southern Cross.

A week or ten days passes, and Beech House remains unvisited of men.

By-and-by the owner will put in a number of painters and paper-hangers and noisy workmen of every kind; then he will advertise "this desirable scholastic residence" in half-a-dozen newspapers and then, perhaps, some one will come forward and take possession of it, and new lives will be lived out in the shadow of the red-brick ivy-mantled walls, even as the old have been.

But, in the meantime, the room in which Rosamond Leigh closed her world-weary eyes—in which Cressida spent her earliest conscious days, is darkened and empty; the garden in which she met her lover is deserted, the flowers bloom ungathered, the fruit ripens and drops unheeded on to the grass.

At last, while the owner is still absent on his summer holiday, and the reign of the workmen is yet to be, there comes a visitor to the empty house—a lady, whose carriage drives slowly up and down the dusty suburban road—whose servants make anxious inquiries as to the whereabouts of the academy—a lady whose handsome proud face bears visible marks of disappointment when she hears that the school is closed and the Misses Smerdon have left, and when a glance at the palpably empty house confirms the story.

"Is there no one who can give me information?" she asks imperatively of the neighbor's servant, who stares in open admiration at the carriage and servants, at the rich satin of her questioner's dress, and the costly lace that wraps the slender upright figure and crowns the soft silvery white hair.

"Yes, mum," the girl says dubiously, "there's the woman at the chandler's shop round the corner, Jamieson's, you know. She's got the key, and shows the house, and in course you can question her; but, bless you, she can tell you no more than I—just about the two weddings—that's all!"

With a civility that thinly veils her impatience, the lady thanks her informant and drives on.

"Jamieson's" is easily found—a low-built old-fashioned shop, in which every moderate wish of the human heart is to be gratified, judging from the varied stock of goods its rather dingy window displays.

Mrs. Jamieson makes her appearance—a little sharp-faced red-nosed woman—who, with many bobs and curtseys to the owner of the splendid equipage and wearer of the handsome dress, submits herself willingly for cross-examination.

Yes, she knows Beech House; would the lady like to see it?

Oh, it was a pretty home—a pity to see it lying empty like that!

They should all miss the Misses Smerdon's school.

Did she know the girls by sight? Oh, yes; they mostly bought their sweets here!—with a proud proprietorial glance at the sticky jars and cases—healthy, rosy, happy lasses they were too, who did a credit to their board and to any school.

The Misses Smerdon were very particular, but very nice ladies—at least, the eldest was; the one that was married seemed rather silly.

So far Mrs. Jamieson—who is a born gossip and thoroughly enjoys the interview more especially as it keeps that glorious carriage captive at her door—has rambled on uninterruptedly; but at the last phrase the looks up sharply.

"The one who was married?" she repeats. "I understand there were two brides?"

"So there were, ma'am, but only one Miss Smerdon. I was in the church and saw it all, though it wasn't much of a wedding. Miss Julia looked very well, though a little pinched and old-like. But the young lady, Miss Leigh—oh"—Mrs. Jamieson rolls her eyes in an ecstatic admiration she has no words to express—"she was lovely, and, for all her gray dress and hat, the very picture of a bride!"

But the lady pays no heed to her ecstasies; her delicately-tinted face whitens a little, and the slender gray-gloved hand tightens on the rail of the chair.

"Miss—what?" she repeats in an oddly startled tone. "I did not quite catch the name."

"Miss Leigh—L-e-i-g-h," the woman answers glibly; "her Christian name was such a funny one too—Cressida!—I never heard the like of it before. My daughter, however, tells me she has seen it in a play, and so she may, but it didn't sound Christian-like to a church. I thought it as outlandish and foreign as the bridegroom's—every bit!"

"She, Cressida, this Cressida Leigh has married a foreigner, then?"

"Oh, dear, yes, ma'am, the French teacher at Miss Smerdons', a handsome black-eyed young fellow, almost a boy, as you may say, they looked but boy and girl beside the other couple! Perhaps they mean to set up a school there," Mrs. Jamieson finishes, entering the larger field of meditative speculation as she finds her facts begin to fail.

"Ah!"

But that the pale aristocratic face is so haughtily unmoved, Mrs. Jamieson would think that long-drawn breath a sigh of bitterest disappointment.

The lady thanks her for her information however, and makes some careless purchase with such unruffled calm that the good woman laughs at herself for her half-formed suspicion as she stands in the shop doorway shading her dazzled eyes from the hot afternoon sun, watching the carriage bowl smoothly down the dusty road, till it vanishes from her sight.

"All the same, I believe she took some interest in that Miss Leigh," she says, as she goes back to her prosaic daily duties with a haunting fancy that she, Mary Anne Jamieson, has been upon the very brink of an adventure.

And assuredly her suspicions would be strengthened could she pierce the carriage panelling, and see the proud woman who sits there with locked hands and white quivering lips, the woman who whispers brokenly, while the slow painful tears drop heavily from her eyes, those saddest words that human lips can utter—

"Too late, too late! Oh, Rosamond my child, forgive me! Eustace, how will you bear my news?"

CHAPTER V.

"AND you really must go, Isidore?"

"I absolutely must, petite—my father wills it; and I am of sons the most obedient, as thou knowest."

The tone of the question and answer tells the story of Monsieur and Madame St. Just's married life as eloquently as any words could do.

Natural as Cressida's appeal to her young husband is, she puts it timidly, and with a frightened look in her large lustrous eyes, while he answers with a gay carelessness that is almost insulting in its difference, and goes on cheerfully sipping his coffee and reading his letters, while she bends her bright head over the breakfast-tray, to hide the painful flush that rises to her sweet face.

Just one year has passed since the double wedding in the suburban church, since the Osbornes and Miss Smerdon sailed for the antipodes, since Cressida gave her life into Isidore St. Just's keeping.

Such a long, long year it seems to Cressida she is too loyal, even in her own thoughts, to add "such a sad and dreary one"!

But she thinks that if all the days of life lengthen out so intolerably as these latter days have done, the Psalmist surely erred when he termed man's span of life a short one.

The year that has placed a broad impassable river between her and the old school days has hardly used her fairly.

Her beauty has not ripened and perfected; its rare promise is, as yet at least, far from being fulfilled.

And Isidore has more than once told her, with jesting frankness, that the schoolgirl Cressida was far prettier than is Madame St. Just in her eighteenth year.

He himself has grown noticeably handsome in the same space of time.

The idle and luxurious life he has led has evidently agreed with him; he looks as though he had not a care or trouble in the world, and stares that world boldly in the face with the bright, audacious, defiant selfishness of one who knows himself its master.

Does he love Cressida still? Is the marriage a happy one?

No one puts the question direct to him, and he is not given to introspective reverie.

That the marriage is in some degree a failure she admits; there is no possibility of denying so patent a fact.

That they have no single thought, aspiration, or sentiment in common is her fault, no doubt; she never thinks of blaming him.

If conversation between them flags by degrees till it dies away to a mere necessary interchange of orders and promise to obey, it is doubtless because she is too stupid to understand or interest him long.

The thought puzzles her a little, for she has not been wont to think herself a dunce; she was certainly cleverer than the other girls at the Misses Smerdon's school. But then Isidore is a man, and a man's standard is so different, so hopelessly high, poor Cressida concludes with a sigh.

True he sought her out, wooed her passionately, seemed to love her well, when she in her childish shyness, rather shrank from, and certainly made no such weak efforts to please him as she has seen fail pitiably of late.

But what of that?

Her empire was built upon sand, as she should have known from the first.

She was a pretty child, and she amused him—that was all!

She is not even pretty now.

And in truth musing and moping thus, Cressida loses the more brilliant hues that first dazzled the Frenchman's beauty-loving eye.

The slender figure grows painfully angular and thin, the sweet brown eyes are dim and misty with shed and unshed tears, the soft curved lips grow pinched and pale, the young face is sorrowful always—saddest perhaps when it forces a timid propitiatory smile—and suggestively tragic at times.

Something of this is passing through Cressida's mind now, as she gulps down a little lump that rises in her throat, and cuts her dry toast into elaborate diamonds and triangles, which, after all her pains, are destined never to be eaten; and, though the husband and wife are not much given to think in common, Isidore is cogitating the same subject from a far different point of view.

"Bah!" he says to himself, with a little shrug of unaffected disgust. "How plain she grows, with her triste air of martyr, her red eyelids, and her thin cheeks! And they say these English keep their beauty! It will be no hardship—no, no; the sacrifice would be the other way—for her—of course."

Monsieur raises his fine brows, and smiles ineffably across the table, as though Cressida's welfare were at that moment occupying his benignant mind.

"What is it, Isidore?" she asks, with a sudden mistrust born of that brilliant smile; she has known that dazzling show of milk-white teeth and flashing dark eyes to be the forerunner of a marital storm before now—a storm in which the cruellest taunts have been uttered in silveriest tones, in which her heart has been rent and her pride trampled upon.

So the "What is it?" is uttered in a little gasp and quickly followed by a hurried, "Have I done anything wrong?" It is a childish phrase; in nine things out of ten Cressida is a child still, and it absolutely amuses Monsieur St. Just.

"Wrong?" he repeats tranquilly. "No; if thou hast packed my valise, and filled the silver flask with brandy, and told Matilda Jane to send the cab for twelve o'clock, thou hast done rightly and well; and, since these were my explicit directions, I am sure thou hast forgotten none of them!"

Cressida nods her golden head, and a faint flush of pleasure rises in the soft hollow of her cheek.

Praise from him has grown precious in proportion to its rarity, and he is surely praising her now!

"Yes," she says, a little ring of triumph in her tone, "everything is quite ready, quite as you wished it, Isidore"—creeping a little nearer and looking up into the keen dark face with misty brown eyes—"I am a good wife am I not?"

Just for a second the exquisite serenity of Monsieur St. Just's face is disturbed, the eyes turn restlessly from those that search and strive to chain them, the smooth brow is shadowed and drawn up; but it all passes as quickly as breath passes from the polished surface of a mirror, and he is his gay insouciant self again.

"Thou art an angel," he says cheerily, and the black moustache brushes the smooth golden hair in a careless kiss. "and now, mon ange, it is time to say good-bye."

"But, Isidore, you have never told me—When will you be back?"

There is something like terror in her look, and tone. It is not that she can spare him so ill—that his society is necessary to her; for a long time she has acknowledged to herself, with a deathly chill at her heart and a guilty consciousness, that she is happier in his absence than his presence. But the journey of which she knows neither end nor the purpose fills her with a vaguely terrible foreboding.

She is so young—so ignorant of the world's ways—so utterly alone, for, on this side of the world at least, she has not a single soul she can call a friend.

All this comes over the shrinking girl's soul as she clings with tragic passion to her young husband, and she repeats a little wildly—

"Isidore tell me when I may expect you."

"Until thou seest me," is the mocking answer; then the man goes on more gently. "But, Cressida, there must be no fretting; my business is of the most important, or I would not go. What then? Paris is not the North Pole or the Antipodes; and thou wilt hear from me sooner than thou expectest."

And then he goes, with a light cold kiss and an odd look at the slender girl-figure bathed in the morning sunshine, and round the prettily furnished room, as though he were mentally photographing both frame and picture—goes with a smile in his dark eyes—goes whistling a few bars from a popular opera—bars that haunt and torture Cressida's memory for many a day to come.

As the cab rattles down the street, Cressida comes slowly up-stairs and drops heavily into the nearest chair, with a dazed unreasonable feeling that she has passed through some great crisis of her fate.

She sits there with cold locked hands and wide pathetic eyes, so motionless and miserable-looking that the brisk little maid who, all unnoticed, has removed the breakfast service, and performed one or two duties with unnecessary noise and clatter that is powerless to stir the statue-like figure in the window, grows alarmed at last, and informs her mistress with very round eyes and fordible emphasis, that she is sure there is something wrong with the poor young lady on the first floor.

This sends Mrs. Clarke upstairs as fast as an obese form and asthmatic breath will permit.

The visit is prompted partly by curiosity and partly by prudential motives; for, though the St. Justs have hitherto been model lodgers in the matter of prompt payment, the landlady knows by painful experience that the lodger you trust is the lodger who deceives you; and in Monsieur St. Just's departure itself there is something rather suspicious.

As she stands in the doorway however, looking with shrewd experience-sharpened eyes at the slender figure in the great arm-chair, her heart suddenly softens and her suspicions die away.

The landlady retires into the background and the true woman comes to the front.

There is none of the passionate grief that suggests a woman's tragedy here.

This is not a wronged woman, a deserted wife, but a dazed terror-stricken child.

"Mrs. St. Just!"

Cressida starts and raises her head at the sound.

"Did you want anything, Mrs. Clarke?"

"No, my dear, not exactly"—the good woman pauses, a little embarrassed by the slip that Cressida has not noticed. "I beg your pardon ma'am; but you do look so young and lonely that it slipped out unawares!"

"You are very kind," Cressida says gratefully, yet a little abstractedly too. Her mind is in so dreamy and chaotic a state that she only vaguely knows what is passing round her.

"Kind!" the landlady repeats, with a short laugh. "Well, excuse me the disrespect; but I wonder who wouldn't be kind when they see a pretty young thing like you fretting her bright eyes out all for nothing at all? I tell you what it is, Mrs. St. Just, you're too lonesome like!"

Tears rise quickly in the girl's eyes; but they are not painful tears now.

Cressida is so lonely indeed that the words of rough and homely kindness fall like music on her ears.

"Yes, it is dull," she says apologetically. "But, won't you sit down, Mrs. Clarke?"—wheeling Isidore's own cushioned chair forward as she speaks.

"Well, thank you kindly, ma'am, I will; for what with my legs and my breath, them stairs is a regular Mont Blanc to me; and I've got a word or two to say before I go. You'll promise not to be offended with me, won't you?"

"I am sure you mean to be kind!" Cressida says, staring with wondering eyes into the plain face, but feeling a sense of safety and protection in the homely presence.

"That I do!" the woman answers warmly. "Then just you tell me what made you look so woe begone and wretched that Susan sent me up to see what ailed you. Was it anything about your husband?"

A swift flush, a startled look, a little haughty stiffening of the slender white throat—Cressida gives no other; but Mrs. Clarke takes these for all sufficient answers.

"Ah, well, my dear, I don't mean to hurt your feelings; but you are so young, and he too for that matter, and a little short tempered, as all foreigners are! And I thought perhaps you had had a falling out—that's all!"

Young as she is, Cressida has sense enough to know that the rough touch on her sorely wounded pride is kindly meant. So, though she does not answer without effort, she answers without a trace of offence.

"We have had no quarrel Mrs. Clarke. Monsieur St. Just has been called away on business, that is all."

"Business!" the landlady grunts in a dissatisfied sort of fashion. She believes implicitly every word that this girl tells her; but her distrust of the absent Isidore is rather augmented than decreased. "I did not know he had any business, ma'am," she finishes civilly, rising to take her departure now, for Cressida did not seem inclined for further confidences. "I hope, for your sake, he will be back soon, for it is terribly dull for you."

"It is, rather." Cressida agrees, with a smile that is rather more forlorn than her gravity. "But I shall hear from him to-morrow, and then——"

The sentence ends in a weary little sigh, for the door is closed, the good-natured woman gone, and the young wife thrown back once more upon the dreary company of her own thoughts.

It is a long dreary day, but it wears away at last; and, as she lays her tired head upon the pillow, she thinks, with her last waking thought, that no successor can equal it in length of dulness.

Poor Cressida; even her dreams, though they are restless and feverish enough, bring to her no dim foreshadowing of what the long to-morrow is to be!

"I cannot hear from Isidore to-morrow," she murmurs drowsily; "but the next day—oh, surely, the next day I shall have a letter!"

But, strange to say, she does hear from Monsieur St. Just earlier than she expects, early indeed on the following day.

She is still seated at the breakfast-table, sipping her tea and reading a newspaper by way of lengthening out the solitary meal, which gives her at least the semblance of an occupation, when Susan comes into the room with a telegram.

It is the very first Cressida has ever received, and the sight of the orange-colored envelope fills her with vague, immeasurable dread. Isidore must be dead or dying.

She tears the fateful missive open and masters its contents.

These are not by any means what she expects; they bring a quick color to her cheeks, and a light half glad, half fearful to her soft brown eyes.

"Come to Paris at once," Isidore telegraphs; "my father wishes to see you."

"There is nothing wrong with the gentleman, I hope?" says Susan, who has waited while Cressida reads the telegram.

"Nothing wrong—no," Cressida says, dropping suddenly from the cloudland in which she has been wandering. "I am to join Monsieur St. Just in Paris, that is all."

The news is so startling that Susan hastens to impart it to her mistress, who, deeply interested, soon makes her appearance on the scene.

There is no obstacle to an immediate departure, for Cressida's bills are all paid, and she has a few pounds, a little more than suffices to defray the expenses of her journey, in hand; and with those two willing helpers, her small preparations are soon made. In less than a couple of hours she is ready to start.

"Good-bye, my dear young lady," Mrs. Clarke says, regarding the pretty flushed face and feverishly bright eyes of her young lodger with vague uneasiness. "You will let me have a line to say you reached Paris safely and found all well, won't you? You are such a young thing to travel about alone."

Cressida gives the required promise with a nervous laugh and a grateful squeeze of the work-hardened hand, then she leaps lightly into the cab, and is off upon the first stage of her fateful journey.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE window—quickly! Give her air, Isidore! Do you not see that mademoiselle is fainting?"

Mademoiselle's face is indeed ghastly in its sharpened pain and gray pallor, as it rests against the darkly-panelled wall. But the words act like an electrical shock; her eyes open in a burning flash of indignation, and she stands erect before the men who are judging and condemning her—very white still, but a frightened child no more; an outraged woman strong in her indignant pride.

The men she faces are three in number, Isidore St. Just, his father, and the lawyer, to whose office they had brought her immediately on her arrival in Paris, the man from whose inflexible lips has fallen the sentence which at first seemed an empty sound, that bore to her dazzled senses literally no meaning that slowly but surely is burning its way into heart and brain and setting both aflame.

"You are not, and by the French law, you never have been the wife of Isidore St. Just."

The three men watch her keenly in the silent pause that follows the bombshell speech.

The lawyer, a ferret-faced yellow-skinned man, with a calm professional interest; Isidore, with affected indifference, and real anxiety, not as to the result of the scene, but as to the fashion in which she may turn upon him; and the elder St. Just, with just a touch of human feeling tempering his inflexible purpose and softening the hard black eyes that are a caricature copy of Isidore's brilliant and melting orbs.

He it is who sees the gray shadow fall across the childlike face, and change its character for ever, who notes the swift stagger back against the wall, the sudden droop of the white lids that cannot shut out an unutterable agony.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A YOUNG woman residing in Damascus, Ga., whose wedding has been fixed for the following week was called upon a recent Sunday by one of her former admirers who wished to congratulate her on the approaching marriage. The conversation turned on love affairs, and the visitor jokingly asked the young lady if she wouldn't sooner have him. She answered in the affirmative. He at once proposed, and the couple were married just three days previous to the date fixed for her wedding with the other fellow.

TAKE COURAGE.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

Fainting heart, look up, take courage,
Clouds are melting fast away,
And beyond night's glowing portals
Breaks the dawn of cloudless day.

Let the rays of hope's bright sunshine
Penetrate thy weary heart;
And, with courage strong and mighty,
In life's contest take thy part.

Ne'er give way to idle dreaming,
Act with all thy will and might,
Push thy way through murky darkness
Toward the blessed realm of light.

All round is dark as midnight,
Low hang clouds of dim despair,
But look upward, fainting traveler,
And behold—the light is there!

A Wife's Martyrdom.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—[CONTINUED.]

IT was impossible to prevent Lady Laura from hearing of this affair, although the other had been carefully concealed from her; but Angela would not allow her to be told until she had changed her wet clothes, and then she went to her mother's room and related what had happened herself.

Her ladyship listened with tears.

"I have been sitting here reading, and you have been so near death!" she cried. "Oh, Angel, if I had known!"

Angela tried to speak lightly; but Lady Laura trembled as she thought of the narrow escape her daughter had had.

She could not show the girl enough love.

She held her in her arms as though she were a child again—she kissed her repeatedly.

She made her tell over and over again how the Major had reached her just in time and rescued her from her peril.

Then, as did every one else who heard the story, she asked—

"But how did it happen, Angela?"

There was but the same strange vague answer to give.

"I cannot understand it," said her ladyship. "If the boat was safe for Jones, why was it not safe for you? How vexed the Captain will be!"

Yes, the Captain would be vexed undoubtedly, Angela reflected, since it was he himself who had ordered the boat to be prepared for her, and who had the very morning persuaded her to go out upon the water.

As a matter of course, the subject was discussed at length in the servants' hall.

To the occupants of that part of the establishment it appeared remarkable that two accidents upon the water should happen to their young mistress, both bringing her so near death.

One imparted to another how anxious the Captain had been during breakfast, and how many warnings and cautions he had given Miss Rooden before she went upon the lake.

The general impression was, although not any of the servants wished in any way to breathe a word against their young mistress that Miss Rooden was apt to be rather reckless on the water.

Jones' anger and annoyance knew no bounds.

The boats were left in his charge, and he was responsible for them, nevertheless he was utterly at a loss to account for what had happened.

"That boat was right enough when I had it on the river last evening," he said, looking perplexed and bewildered. "The Captain he said to me, 'Jones, that boat is coming back to-day—the one that has been done up for Miss Rooden. Look it well over, and try it on the river the night before she uses it.' So I did; and I can swear there was nothing wrong. If there had been a hole in the bottom of it, it would have sunk then. I can't make it out."

Nor could any any one else: for the more the matter was discussed the more difficult it became to assign any reason for the sudden failure of the boat.

While Lady Laura rejoiced over her child as one given back to her from the dead, while she poured out such lavish thanks to the Major that he felt ashamed almost of his own brave deed, while Lady Bell talked of and wondered over Angela's latest escape, a man on horseback drew near the house, riding very slowly, a look of expectation on his face as he glanced around, as though every moment he expected some one to spring up and give him startling news. But no one appeared.

He rode even more slowly up the great drive, still looking anxiously from one side to the other.

As he came in sight of the grand old Abbey, he cast a hurried glance up at the blinds.

No; they were not drawn down in death-like array. But perhaps, there could be no telling, the truth might not yet be fully known.

He rode leisurely into the court-yard, but there again he failed to notice any confusion or excitement.

Nothing was wrong; no unusual sight or sound broke the quiet of the place.

His face darkened as he contemplated the likelihood of the miscarriage of his last scheme.

"Can I have failed again?" he said to himself. "It is impossible!"

A groom, crossing the yard to go to the saddle-room, seeing the Captain still mounted, went up to him.

"Shall I take your horse, sir?" he asked.

The gleaming eyes fixed themselves on the man's face. Had there been an accident surely he would speak!

The Captain declined his aid sullenly, and the man passed on.

Then the Captain saw Jones coming quickly towards him, and by the man's manner he guessed that he had something to tell him.

Captain Wynyard's face flushed fiery red then as suddenly grew deadly pale: his hands shook so that he nearly dropped the bridle, his whole frame trembled; great drops gathered on his brow.

"What was it?" he asked, as Jones came up to him and stood cap in hand.

"There has been a terrible accident, Captain," he replied quickly.

An accident! Had his scheme succeeded then, after all? Great Heaven, had it succeeded? His voice was hoarse and thick as he cried out:

"What do you mean?"

"An accident with the boat, Captain, the very boat that I tried on the river yesterday, and which was safe and sound as any boat could be."

Then the old man told of Angela's mishap and her rescue. The flush in the Captain's face died away; but the great drops gathered more thickly and fell from his forehead.

"Then Miss Rooden is all right!" he asked huskily.

"Yes, Captain but she might have been drowned."

"And, if she had been, you would have been responsible for it. The accident must have been caused by your carelessness. I told you to see that the boat was safe."

"So I did. No boat was ever more safe and sound, Captain."

"Then what had happened to it?" he cried angrily.

"That is what no man can tell, Captain. If you have it raised out of the lake, you will learn. I cannot understand it."

"So it was Major Norton who saved her life?" he said, with an evil look.

"Yes, Captain. But the Major, the young lady would have been drowned, most certainly."

"I am grieved to hear of your accident, Angel," said the Captain, when he met her an hour afterwards.

She raised her eyes wistfully to his.

"It is strange," she remarked gently. "That is the second narrow escape I have had from death."

But the strangest circumstance was that the Captain would not allow the boat to be raised from the depths of the lake.

"It was so very nearly being a coffin," he said, "that I should never like to see it used again."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THREE days after the boat-accident Angela stood alone in her room. She had not yet ceased to wonder at the strangeness of her misadventure, but no solution of the mystery came to her.

The Captain refused to have the boat raised, although Major Norton and every one else who spoke to him about it strongly advised him to have it done.

"You ought to know what was wrong," the Major said. "Life is far too precious to be sacrificed in such a way. If the fault lies with those who repaired the boat, they ought to be reprimanded for it; if with Jones, he ought to be dismissed. You take it far more coolly than I should."

The Captain seemed very impatient during his friend's harangue.

"It would be a waste of time and labor to have the thing raised," the Captain replied "for I should never allow it to be used again. I hate the very thought of it."

It might have been the Major's fancy, but it certainly seemed to him that, instead of being grateful to him for the service he had rendered, the Captain grew cooler to him from that time forth.

Angela was as much perplexed as ever regarding the cause of the accident.

But she had not seen a silent figure creeping down the stairs at night, groping in the darkness, unfastening doors with a stealthy hand, passing out of the house and through the grounds, down to the boat-house.

She had not seen the boat-house door carefully closed, and a lantern produced and lighted; she had not heard the muffled sounds that might have proclaimed the treacherous deed.

The Captain had calculated to a nicety how long the nails would hold, how long the loosened plank would be before it gave way and allowed the water to rush in and overwhelm the frail craft.

Up to this time Angela had not the faintest suspicion of the truth.

She was restless and uneasy concerning the mishaps which had so nearly terminated her existence.

"Danger and death seem to pursue me," she said to herself. "Why should it be?"

There was a faint knock at the door, and Jane Felspar, her faithful old nurse, came in.

"Are you alone, my dear?" she asked. "I want to talk to you."

"Come in, nurse. I am glad to see you," said Angela; for, although a fashionable lady's-maid had in some measure taken old Jane's place, no one to Angela was like this faithful woman.

She had nursed her fair young mistress through her infancy and childhood, and she worshipped her now as one of the most lovely and perfect of women.

She had been in great trouble and distress about her young mistress, and, with the sure instinct of love, she felt there was danger near her.

"May I stay and talk to you, Miss Angela?" she asked. "I am not happy about you, my dear. I do not like to be always hearing that you have been in this accident and the other."

"I must be more careful, dear nurse," said the girl.

"You are careful," returned the old woman; "it is not your fault. I have my thoughts and my fears, but I hesitate to tell them to you."

"You may tell me anything, nurse," she said gently.

"Perhaps it is cruel of me," Mrs. Felspar went on, "and perhaps it is unjust. Still I cannot help it. Something bids me speak, and I must speak. My dear," she continued bending forward and whispering into Angela's ears—"my dear, do you think the Captain has any motive for wishing you dead?"

"The Captain!" cried Angela, in astonishment. "No, certainly not. My death would make no difference to him."

"You are quite sure, dear?" persisted the nurse.

"I am quite sure of it," she answered. "My death would not affect him in the least. He would neither lose nor gain by it."

"Does he like you?"

"I should think not," was the grave reply. "I have never liked him. I can truly say there is no love lost between us."

"I thought not, dear. I have never liked him. I saw how the dark shadows fell round the old house on the night he came home with my lady. People call him handsome: but I know he is cruel. I have never said one word about it, but I have seen my lady's heart breaking slowly day by day. It was an evil hour that brought him here. He means mischief, I am sure; I have seen his face looking wicked and cruel—ay, and troubled too. Do not be angry, Miss Angela, if I say out what I think."

"Say what you will," said Angela.

"I am sure, my dear, that the Captain means some harm to you; he intends to do you some deadly mischief. I have seen it in his eyes and his face when he has been looking at you. Love is quick to read signs of love or hate."

"You must be mistaken, nurse," said Angela gravely. "I have never liked the Captain, and he has never liked me; but he would not do me any harm, I am sure. Why should he?"

"That is the very thing I should like to know," replied Mrs. Felspar. "I cannot help feeling that he seeks your death, though why should he seek it I cannot tell. Are you sure that he would not gain by it?" asked the nurse earnestly. "Do you understand? This is a great and rich property, Miss Angela, and some say it is to be yours, all yours, some time, when my lady dies. Heaven send that that may be long yet! But you know that it will be yours, Miss Angela. I remember all that was said about it when Sir Charles died."

"I know it will be mine, nurse, if I survive my mother," said Angela; "but there is no way by which the Captain could be benefited by it."

"That is what I wanted to know," returned the old nurse. "I am sure there is something at work; I cannot tell what. Miss Angela, will you forgive me if I ask you what will become of the property should you die? I hate to say the word, my dear: but I want to understand. What will become of it in that case?"

"I do not know," replied Angela wonderingly. "I have never thought about it. I do not remember that the idea has ever occurred to me."

"You will marry some day, Miss Angela, and perhaps have children of your own to inherit it; but, if you do not, then what will become of it?"

"I do not know. I should think my father's will has made arrangements for that," she replied.

"I should make some inquiries about it, Miss Angela. Ask your mamma."

"I hardly like to do so," she objected. "I have never talked to mamma about money-matters, and I am afraid it would seem as though I were distrustful or selfish—and no one in the world cares less for money than I do."

"My lady would never think anything of that kind of you, Miss Angela. How could she? You take my advice; ask her what will become of all this property at your death. I cannot help thinking that the Captain will have some hold on it."

"That is impossible," declared Angela. "My father made the will which settled all about the money, and he knew nothing of the Captain. It is therefore impossible that the Captain should have any interest in it in any way."

But the old nurse was not to be convinced without having some stronger proof than her young mistress could give.

"I cannot see, and you cannot see," she continued, "but something tells me that the Captain would gain by your death. Lose no time, Miss Angela, but ask my lady."

"Even if it should be so," said Angela, "you cannot really think that the Captain would wish for my death."

"I should go further than that," the old nurse answered significantly.

Angela held up her hand with a warning cry.

"I will not listen!" she cried, her face pale with emotion. "He could not be so wicked! Oh, nurse, your love for me makes you too suspicious! It could not possibly be!"

"I hope not, my dear. But talk to my lady, and find out all about it. I have my own thoughts about the Captain. I do not want to make you uneasy, Miss Angela; but I am sorely afraid for you. You have been very near death twice; the third time might prove fatal."

"Hush—you must not say such things!" cried Angela, white with horror. "You surely do not mean to say that you think the Captain had anything to do with those accidents?"

"I should not be surprised to learn that he had planned them," replied Mrs. Felspar gravely.

"I will not listen; I will not think of it, Jane. You must not speak to me of such a thing again."

"Miss Angela," cried the nurse, "forewarned is forearmed! You speak to my lady. If you find that the Captain has no interest in your death, has nothing to gain by it, I will own that I am too suspicious, and misjudge him; but, if you find that it is as I suspect—that he will gain by your death—then I say to you, Miss Angela, beware!"

"You frighten me, nurse!" said the girl. "I could not think so badly of the Captain. He may have married my mother for her money; but it does not follow that he could be guilty of so black a crime as you impute to him."

"Speak to my lady, Miss Angela," repeated the nurse. "Ask her boldly what will become of the property at your death. I cannot help thinking her answer will solve the mystery."

But Angela would not be convinced—would not admit the horrible suspicion even to herself.

She thought of it for some time, and tried to banish it; but the earnest tone and manner of the old nurse haunted her, and she could not overcome a slight fear which also troubled her.

A time came when Angela found her mother alone, and she determined to ask her the question that Jane Felspar had suggested.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LADY LAURA WYNYARD walked one morning into the grounds in search of primroses, she being very fond of the pretty simple flower; and Angela, thinking it a good opportunity to clear up the old nurse's suspicions, followed behind her.

"I will go with you, mamma," she said. "I have a quick eye for primroses; I can always find them, no matter where they hide themselves. But do you think you could walk as far as the woods? There they are a picture to see—primroses everywhere most!"

So, chatting pleasantly on the beauty of the spring morning, the fresh tints of the fair spring-flowers, the merry songs of the birds, the tender green of the young grass and the opening buds, mother and daughter wandered on together.

"Mamma," said Angela, "do you remember those beautiful lines of Browning's called 'Home-Thoughts from Abroad'? I will repeat them to you;" and, in her clear sweet voice, Angela began—

"'Oh to be in England
Now that April's there!
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf;
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard-bough
In England—now.
And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows—
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dew-drops at the bent sprays' edge!
That's the wise thrush. He sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture.
And, though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew—
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower.'

Is not that beautiful, mamma?" asked Angela. "If I had been given my choice of all the great gifts bestowed by Heaven upon mortals, I should have chosen to be a poet."

"You have a poet's soul, Angela," said her mother.

"I can appreciate, but I cannot originate," remarked Angela. "That has pleased you, mamma," she added abruptly; "your eyes look brighter."

And for the time being the girl forgot the horrible doubt and fear that haunted her, forgot why she had sought her mother, forgot everything except the sweet beauty of the April day.

"I met with a charming little poem the other day," she continued. "You shall hear that too, mamma. It is by Leigh Hunt, one of your favorite writers, and nothing more sweet or simple was ever written. Listen! It is called 'Lilies.'

"'We are lilies fair,
Flow'r of virgin light;
Nature held us forth, and said,
"Lo, my thoughts of white!"

"'Ever since, angels
Hold us in their hand;
You may see them where they take
In pictures their sweet stand.

"'Like the garden's angels
Also do we seem,
And not the less for being crowned
With a golden dream.

"'Could you see around us
The enamored air,
You would see it pale with bliss
To hold a thing so fair.'

Is not that both beautiful and true? There is no flower so lovely as a tall queenly white lily. How fond my father was of them."

And then it all came rushing back to her, the memory of the dear, dear, dead father, the horror of her mother's living husband.

She remembered well why she was there.

She had accompanied her mother purposely to clear up her doubt; and she must do it.

Yet she was loath to disturb the sweetest calm that her mother had enjoyed for many months.

"Mamma," she said, after a short silence, "how strange it is that you and I have never talked about money-matters!"

Lady Laura smiled.

"I do not think it strange, Angel," she replied. "It is not an attractive subject; and we have never had any reason for mentioning it."

"Was my father's will at all an extraordinary one?" she asked.

"Not so much extraordinary, I think, as incomplete," answered her ladyship politely.

"In what way incomplete, mamma?" Angela asked.

"In this way, my dear. Every one thought that your dear father ought to have left you a separate fortune. Instead of that and to prove, as I am sure, his entire trust in me, he left the whole of his wealth to me; and at my death it was to go to you."

"But what if I die first, mamma, and I hope I shall, I should not care to live one day without you, what then, mamma?"

"It is mine," replied her ladyship uneasily, "to do with as I will."

The girl looked thoughtfully into her mother's face.

"Mamma," she said, "suppose, which Heaven forbid! that you die first, and all this immense property comes to me, what shall I do with it?"

"You will marry, Angel, and then you must leave it to your children."

"I want to understand the matter fully, mamma; do not think me tiresome. Suppose that I do not marry, what am I to do with it then?"

"That is a weighty question, my dear. I shall have to think some time before answering it. There are many noble purposes to which you might devote it. I have always thought of as being married."

"I do not think I shall ever marry, mamma, unless I find some one just like my own father."

"We must talk about this again, Angel," said her ladyship. "Mr. Sansome said your father's will was incomplete, as it gave no instructions as to what you were to do with the property in case you remained unmarried."

"We have no near relatives, have we, mamma?"

"No; your dear father and myself were almost alone the world. I have some second cousins, but I do not even know where they live."

"I suppose," said Angela, "that my father never thought you would marry again?"

Lady Laura's face flushed crimson.

"I am sure that he did not, Angel," she replied; "and I repent with my whole heart of ever having done so. I might have known——"

"Poor mamma!" interrupted the girl lovingly.

Angela paused before she asked the next question; she hated the words as she uttered them.

"Mamma," she said, "would you mind telling me one thing more? Has Captain Wynyard any interest in my death?"

"In your death, Angela?" exclaimed Lady Laura. "What a strange question, my dear! It quite startled me."

"I mean will any money come to him in the event of my death?" asked Angela.

And, remembering her will, Lady Laura's face grew colorless.

Her husband had asked her not to speak of it, not to mention it to any one, and now for the first time she regretted the promise she had given, for it seemed very clear to her that Angela ought to know the whole truth.

She could not understand now why she had been so foolish as to promise to hide what she had done from her daughter. Angela had already read the truth in her mother's face.

"This is the first secret I have ever kept from you, Angel," she answered slowly—"the only one; I have not another in my life. But the Captain asked me, and I could not refuse him, for he was so kind and loving to me in those days."

"Poor mamma!" repeated the girl; but her heart was faint with anxiety and suspense.

"I will tell you what I did, Angel," continued her ladyship. "The first time we went to town after our marriage the Captain persuaded me to make a will. It was to this effect—that, if you should unfortunately die before me, he was to inherit all should he survive me."

As Angela listened to this confirmation of the nurse's doubts and suspicions, the truth gradually dawned upon her.

"My death then," she said slowly, "would be his gain?"

"Certainly. But then it is very improbable that you will die first."

The very blood seemed to curdle in the girl's veins, for she knew how often she had been near death, and now she guessed the reason.

"Then it stands in this way, mamma—if I die before you, and you die before Captain Wynyard, the whole of my father's property falls into that man's hands?"

"That is it, Angela."

"I do not think it is right or just, mamma. You must annul that will and make another. Why should he, who has been so unkind to you, inherit the wealth that was my father's? Oh, I wish you had consulted me about it, I wish you had told me all the facts before, mamma!" cried the girl, sadly, as she thought what a terrible price she had nearly paid for her ignorance of them. "It is not fair!" she went on. "If we die, he will be rich and free!"

"Yes," assented Lady Laura. "I know it—free to marry Gladys Rane."

"Mamma," said Angela solemnly, "he must wish us both dead."

"Oh, no, my dear! He is not so bad as that."

"He does not love us, he does not care for us!" the girl cried passionately. "Why should he not wish us both dead?"

"That would be terrible!" said Lady Laura.

"Who drew up that will for you, mamma?" asked Angela.

"Your father's lawyer, Mr. Sansome," was the reply.

"He ought to have been ashamed of himself!" cried Angela.

"My dear," answered Lady Laura, "he was, and he tried all that was possible to dissuade me from making it. He was very angry indeed, and prophesied all kinds of evil; but the Captain persuaded me."

"It must be destroyed, and you must make another, mamma. I shall never rest until it is done."

"It shall be done, Angel; but I must wait until we go up to town. I dare not summon Mr. Sansome here."

And, having arrived at this decision, Lady Laura and her daughter left the woods and turned homewards.

CHAPTER XL.

A BLACK threatening cloud seemed to have fallen over Angela Roden's life.

For some time she could not recover from the effect of the information her mother had imparted to her.

Her accidents were all plain enough now.

If she had but known about the will, surely she would have realized the danger to which she was exposed!

She shuddered as she remembered how near death she had been—so near that in each case there had been only the space of two or three minutes between her and eternity.

The mystery seemed to unroll itself before her eyes.

Her death would be an untold gain to her step-father.

There would then be but her mother's life and the inheritance.

Her mother was fragile and delicate, and her constantly unhappy life would only tend to bring about the end he desired. Then her father's property would all fall into his hands, and he would be free to marry Miss Rane—Angela had not the least doubt but that he had so mapped out his future.

If she and her mother died, he would be a rich man.

But she saw plainly enough that, if his plans were to succeed, she must die first.

If her mother died first, the property would descend to her, and she in her turn could leave it as she would.

"He shall never have one penny of my father's money!" she said to herself.

But the danger of her position frightened her.

She could hardly realize the fact that one person should seek to compass the death of another; yet it was most undeniably true.

She had felt certain that the Captain had told her, on that winter day when she was so nearly drowned, to go to the bend of the pool; she had been quite confident about it.

It was true that at the time she believed there had been a mistake; but that belief had not lasted long. Now she saw what his motive was.

But for the brave and courageous young Squire, she would have been in her grave, and possibly too her mother by this time.

Again, she felt sure now that he had tampered with the boat, and had ridden away, leaving her to her fate.

She was more than confirmed in her suspicion when she remembered how averse he had been to have the boat recovered from the lake, for he knew that the marks of his treachery were there, and would be discovered.

It all seemed to her so plain that she wondered she had not found it out before; but then she remembered that she did not at that time know anything of her mother's will.

The old nurse was waiting for her that evening when she reached her room; and one look at the girl's fair young face told the faithful servant that she had not been mistaken in her suspicion.

"Have you spoken to my lady, Miss Angela?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Angela, "I have. And you are right nurse," she added—"you are most unfortunately right."

"The Captain will gain by your death, miss—is it not so?"

"Yes," she answered sadly.

"I knew it; I felt it. I could scent the mischief in the air. I read it in his face and in his shifty eyes. Tell me what it is, miss—you may trust me."

"I know that, Jane," replied Angela, who was not sorry to have a friend whom she could consult—and Jane Felspar was shrewd enough. "I will tell you, for I know that you are a trusty friend. The Captain persuaded my mother to make a will, and it is so drawn that, if I die before her, all the property goes to him at her death."

"The villain!" exclaimed the nurse; and this time Angela did not correct her for speaking thus of him. "So, Miss Angela, he would gain by your death?"

"He would gain everything, provided my mother died afterwards."

"And that, we may be sure, she would shortly do. You have had two very narrow escapes yourself, but she would have none. It would be hard to say when her death might not follow."

"Well," sighed Angela, "what can I do?"

"Can you not persuade my lady to cancel the will?" asked Mrs. Felspar.

"I have done so; mamma says she will see Mr. Sansome as soon as she reaches town," said Angela. She cannot send for him here."

"When will she go to town, Miss Angel?"

"In three or four week's time," was the reply.

"And then she will destroy the will?" asked Jane.

"She will cancel it, and make another, so worded that it will be to his interest that we should live, not die."

"And when do you say my lady goes to town?" asked the nurse.

"In three or four weeks," answered Angela.

"Oh, my dear, be careful! To think that the child I nursed and loved and tended should come to this! You have had two escapes; be prepared for the third one, for the Captain will lay his plans more cunningly next time. My dear, you are in danger; you must see it for yourself."

"I do," she replied sadly. "I can see the web closing round me; but I do not see my way to escape it."

"It would be of no use to tell my lady?" suggested Jane.

"None whatever. She would not believe that there was danger; and, if she did, she would die of sorrow and of fright."

"I fear she would," agreed the nurse. "Would it be of any use to tell the Captain that you have discovered what he is about, that you know all about the will, that you know he has attempted your life, and that you will seek for the protection of the law?"

"No," answered Angela, after a pause; "that would be of no use. He would laugh me to scorn, and declare that I was romancing. I do not know what would happen to my mother or myself if I did that. It seems to me that my only plan is to keep my knowledge secret from him, for I feel myself completely in his power. He is a dangerous enemy."

"He is a bad unscrupulous man!" cried the old nurse. "He will stop at nothing if he has made up his mind to get the property. Perhaps you are right, Miss Angela as to its being best to be silent. No one knows what he might do to attain his object. He would be quite capable of shutting you and my lady up in the old Abbey, and setting fire to it. You are right; it will be far wiser not to let him know anything about it. But be careful, my dear. Be pleasant to him, to avoid suspicion; but do not go out with him, or do anything that he suggests or advises."

"I will not," said Angela; but the tears rushed to her eyes when she remembered how forlorn and friendless she was, when she remembered that she had her mother's life to watch over and guard as well as her own.

"I know," said Jane, "what would be best if it could be managed; and it would save all exposure and everything disagreeable."

"What is it?" asked Angela, anxious to hear, for she had implicit faith in the wisdom of her old nurse.

"You must leave home at once, and not let the Captain or my lady know where you are until the will is cancelled and the new one made."

"That would be excellent," sighed Angela. "I shall be glad to leave him; but I shall be wretched at deserting my dear mother."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GENEALOGICAL PUZZLE.—A young man married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. His father, a widower, eventually married the daughter. Hence all the complication of relationship involved. We venture to point out only one or two of the most striking. Readers may pursue the subject if their heads are strong enough to trust to on a high ladder. If not, they had better turn the page. The young man's step-daughter, on becoming the wife of his father, became also the young man's step-mother; and the young man himself, as the husband of his father's mother-in-law, became his father's father-in-law; that is, his own grand-father-in-law. This was pretty well to begin with; but in the course of a year or two, the arrival of a child in either family made confusion worse confounded. The child of the young man's daughter-in-law was also his own sister, inasmuch as she was the child of his father. And the young man's own son was also his uncle, as his step-mother's brother; and at once the father's grand-child (as his son's son) and his brother-in-law (as his wife's brother). Our readers have probably had enough to induce a headache as invariable as the perpetual motion or the squaring of the circle. Tradition relates that the complication proved too much for the young man, who succumbed to the loss of his identity. If a widow and her daughter must marry into the same family, a law of some kind might compel the father and mother to marry, and thus the identity of the parties would remain intact.

Scientific and Useful.

OLD SILVER ARTICLES.—To render old silver articles as beautiful as when first made, lay them piece by piece on a charcoal fire, and as soon as reddened take them off and boil them in tartar and water.

SEA-WEED PAPER.—A foreign inventor is stated to have discovered a method of making paper from sea-weed. The paper is said to be capable of use as a substitute for glass, and may be tinted so as to imitate stained glass.

MUSTY BARRELS.—To sweeten musty barrels throw in burning coals, and then cold water. Brewers wash their casks with lime and water mixed nearly to the consistency of paint, let it remain until dry, and then wash well with water.

BAD WATER.—Contaminated water passed through six inches of green sand, coke, animal, charcoal or spongy iron is wholly freed from the micro-organisms which cause disease. The material is to be powdered sufficiently fine to pass through a sieve of forty meshes to the inch.

OIL PICTURES.—A simple, safe, and very effective method of restoring oil pictures, if not too far gone, is to expose the surface to an atmosphere heavily charged with vapor of alcohol at an ordinary temperature; the resinous particles of the paint will absorb the alcohol until they are saturated, when the process is to be stopped.

THE UNIVERSAL DAY.—The proposed universal day meets with no encouragement from astronomers. Upon the proposition to count the hours of the day from 0 to 24 in civil life one of them says that it will scarcely ever be adopted, for nobody (except, perhaps sick people lying in bed) will have patience to count the strokes of the clock up to 24.

AN ELECTRIC SCALE.—A scale, or steelyard, which records the result by means of electricity has, it is said, been invented by an American. The electric registering device can be attached to existing scales, but it is specially designed for railways to weigh the freight wagons or trains of cars in motion. On a thirty-ton steelyard it is said to weigh to within 25 lbs. of the actual weight of the car and its contents, and it records the weights of successive cars one after another while they travel over the scale. As another electric novelty which is announced, we may mention a proposed submarine boat propelled and lighted by means of electricity, and ventilated by compressed air. It is designed for placing and discharging submarine mines.

Farm and Garden.

LILIES.—Lily stems, after the flowers have faded, do not present a very attractive appearance. Nevertheless they should not be cut off until they are entirely dry, as the foliage assists the bulb in perfecting its maturity.

TO LEAD.—Every cow should be taught to lead when she is young and tractable, and the convenience arising from such an education in after life would greatly more than pay for the trouble. A cow that will lead is worth $10 more than a cow without this accomplishment.

CLIMBERS.—In order to make climbers grow just where they are wanted, a little attention should be paid them. If the runners are growing too strong, keep them in check. Do not tie them to a big nail, with a piece of leather or a strip of tin; but drive a few large-headed nails here and there, to which the branches can be fastened with small pieces of brass wire. This will last, and is very inexpensive.

THE BREEDER.—The aim of the breeder is not only to produce an animal which shall in its own person possess the highest type of excellence sought, but shall have the power to transmit to its offspring those qualities of value possessed by himself. A breeder may, by chance, produce a superior animal, or it may be the result of carefully-laid plans, and artfully controlling the forces of Nature, and subjecting them to his will. It is comparatively easy to accidentally produce an animal of value, but to steadily breed to one type is the test of the skill of the breeder and the value of his stock.

NATURAL AND WILD.—All animals in their natural state are rarely subject to contagious diseases, while all classes of domestic animals are seldom free. Look then, to the conditions surrounding the hog in the pen. From a life of freedom he is consigned to imprisonment and relegated to a diet incompatible to his taste. With the free air around him in his former condition, he now breathes the odors of the pen. From a bed of leaves and boughs he is transported to filth and worried with insects. All these things must be considered in arriving at a knowledge of the causes which bring disease and death to our swine.

HYDRANGEAS.—It has long been known that pink hydrangea blossoms will become of a steely-blue color if planted in soil impregnated with iron or watered plentifully with a decoction of steel filings. A Norwegian savant has extended and developed this principle by watering ox-eye daisies with fluid containing a quantity of red pigment, and been rewarded by seeing them turn purple; and has furthermore changed white rose into a yellow one by a liberal application of saffron water to its roots. This last is rather a valuable discovery, for most of the yellow-tinted roses are noisettes, and extremely delicate, while white ones are remarkably hardy and strong.

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Living, Thinking, Doing.

Nothing will so effectually solve doubts, relieve suspense, and remove uncertainty, as a habit of promptly performing the nearest duty. Much of the hesitation and perplexity which hinder advancement, and confuse men's lives, comes from simply thinking, when they ought to be doing. Thought and action should never be separated. If action is often hasty and ill-judged for want of thought, thought is often vague and abortive for want of action. Men pause and speculate about what may or may not happen; they wonder what they ought to do, or can do, in certain contingencies, and no light reveals the one or the other; on the contrary, they become more and more doubtful and perplexed.

Meanwhile the first steps are still untrodden that would have led to others. They have been standing at the foot of the ladder, looking perhaps eagerly to the top, and marveling how to reach so high a point; while the lowest rounds, so close to their feet and so easy to ascend, have been quite neglected. The nearest duty, when performed, sheds a light revealing the next and chasing away the shadows of doubt and uncertainty which have hindered onward progress.

This doing one duty at a time prevents strained effort. Trying to do too much is one case of the large amount of slipshop, inefficient work that all deplore, yet accept. No one can give of his best until he has learned what to lay aside as well as what to do.

Others fail to give their best by attempting to do what is beyond them. They might have succeeded well, and done the world good service in one direction, but, according to this, they are doing poor, hasty, jumbled work, which neither benefits others nor reflects honor upon themselves, in some other line.

Thus, a first-rate builder who is needed in the community is sacrificed to make a third-rate architect, who is comparatively valueless. Men who might have made their marks as mechanics become interior business men, or others who have a talent for commercial pursuits spoil their value by rushing into professions or politics.

But success is not confined to any one object, or to any one class of objects. It is always a relative term, implying something at the back of it which may or may not be desirable or good. Some men plan robberies, others devise schemes of philanthropy—all of them desire success.

The question is not, shall men desire to succeed or not, but what shall they desire to succeed in? What should be their undertaking, their hope? If it is a good one, a really honest one, the more they desire and determine to succeed the better; if not, it is the aim itself that is to be attacked and abolished.

It is, however, a great mistake to suppose that real honesty can ever be followed and maintained from motives of policy. Although the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy," in its broad and deep sense, is the very truth, those who take it as their motive to an honest life, will miss both its truth and its gladness, because they have mistaken the meaning of honesty itself. They think of it only as a series of actions, whereas it is in truth a spirit that reigns supreme in the heart and shapes the life. He who is not imbued with this spirit, who covets the gains of dishonesty, and only resigns them in the hope that honesty may confer a greater gain, has yet to learn the meaning of honesty. However successfully he may have assumed its garb, he is ignorant of its essence.

A well-known divine, writing on the conditions of success, says: "Wisdom has riches in her right hand, and honor and long life in her left; but she must be wooed and won for her own sake—not for her dowry. She will not accept the fortune-hunter. If a man cares more for honesty than for policy, he will find honesty the best policy; but the honesty that is merely policy, is no honesty at all."

Altogether, it is chiefly by nourishing these living, thinking, doing principles of the higher nature that the lower is kept in controlled and orderly operation. The more fully men are engrossed in what is true and pure, and worthy of all their powers and intelligence, the more naturally and easily will appetite, passion, and desire, assume a proper subservience, and fulfil their assigned functions quietly and legitimately. When they are forced to the front, brought up for constant review, and made the theme of much conversation and discussion, of alternative approval and censure, they occupy the place of other and weightier things, and lose their harmonious relations.

A GREAT deal too much is made of the effects of scientific inquiry in putting down divinatory and other superstitions. The fact is, very few people have the ability to thoroughly grasp scientific truth. The real truth why we at the present day in this country have little to do with astrologers and fortune-tellers, is because life among us has become fairly certain in its general circumstances. Great epidemics are comparatively rare; physical catastrophes, like earthquakes, are still more rare; against common uncertainties of various sorts we have all kinds of systems of insurance; and last, but not least, we must not forget the efficacy of law, and the general respect there is for it. Reverse all these circumstances, go back not more than two centuries ago, and we reach a state of society in which neither life, liberty nor property were safe for long together. Then we may imagine how it was that the astrologer and the fortune-teller, or witch, became no small factor in making life at all tolerable. At the present day the greatest believers in good and ill-luck are gamblers of various descriptions—that is, those whose lives are most perplexed with uncertainties. We have known poor, uneducated women gravely consulting their packs of playing cards to discover the fate in store for them in the midst of sorrow and tribulation. But, apart from anything of that sort, we may be certain that if there had been no capability for superstition in man, there would have been no science. Most certainly we may be sure that if there had been no astrology, there would have been no astronomy.

AROUND the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after-feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we may become wild, headstrong and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amidst her tears. Round that idea, we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.

ONE of the most significant symptoms of the advance of luxury on the one hand, and the advance of genteel poverty on the other, is the startling number of women who are left without husbands, and the very considerable number of men who also remain unmarried. So much is this the case that the term "old maid" has ceased to be one of reproach. When in a certain class the great majority of the women are unmarried, no one can affect to believe that the cause has been either want of good looks or of personal amiability. Besides, we have eyes and can see, and the fact is but too patent that whatever else has been the cause, it has not been that which forward minxes are too ready to attribute. Those women whom in such numbers we see declining into the middle vale of life are very often pretty, bright, intelligent and lovable. They possess all the qualifications necessary for wives, and mothers, and mistresses of happy households, women whose personal attractiveness ought to win love and secure the chief goal of feminine desire, which is marriage. Yet they continue spinsters. What can be the reason? Philosophers, wake up and tell us.

A MAN who never reminds his friends of unwelcome facts, or tells them unpleasant truths, is sure to be liked; and, when a man of such a turn comes to old age, he is almost sure to be treated with respect. It is true, indeed, that we should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot concur, and a pleasant assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please that he will gain upon everyone that hears or beholds him; this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world, and a command over the passions. Frequently that which is called candor is merely malice.

A GOOD name implies a reputation founded on a good character making itself felt in a good life. This or that particular power or special virtue may or may not be prominent; but the roots of character must be growing, the vital principle of the moral life must be active. Just as a good name among plants would imply that they were steadily unfolding each into its natural and proper condition, from the lordliest oak of the forest to the humblest daisy of the field, so a good name among men implies a perfect reliance that the bases of character are strong and vital within them, developing each one according to his own nature and condition.

ONE of the most important duties of a parent in bringing up a child is to prevent the child from doing itself harm. The child does not know that the opportunity of getting knowledge at school, if neglected, is not likely to return, nor that its future happiness and success depend very much upon improving the opportunities which its school now affords. The child does not know that unlimited sweets and sours injure the digestion and impair the teeth; the mother does know it, and it is her duty to have the child's supply of sweets and sours limited.

"MANNERS," says an eminent writer, "are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law can touch us here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colors to our lives. According to their quality they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.

BOOKS are the friends of the friendless, and a library the home of the homeless; a taste for reading will carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you with their wisdom, and charm you by their wit; who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times.

SOME look upon successes and failures as lucky accidents or calamitous mischances, and wonder what the next turn of fortune's wheel is to bring them. Others profit by both, and, by studying their causes and the laws which govern them, become wiser and more able to insure a permanent and steady success in the future.

The World's Happenings.

A severe winter is predicted.

Skating rink scandals are again becoming frequent.

The "Evening Cyclone" is the name of a new paper in Texas.

The price of diamonds has fallen in London from $15 to $3.75 per karat.

Half a million dollars worth of cut flowers are sold every year in New York.

Circus day is a favorite time with Americus, Ga., people for getting married.

The rector of a fashionable church in Utah is spoken of as the "Apostle of the Genteels."

There are about 650 German newspapers published in this country, eighty-three of them every day.

New York florists rent plants and palms to their fashionable patrons by the day, month, or year.

Over the grated door of the county jail in Winona, Minnesota, is the motto: "God bless our home."

Competition in the dime show business has set in, and a museum at Columbus, O., has fixed its admission fee at five cents.

An Indianapolis man has abandoned his third wife, eloping to Lafayette with his second spouse, from whom he had been divorced twice.

A Merced, Cal., man who sprained his ankle while gunning, lately, was compelled to crawl on all-fours a distance of eight miles to the nearest town.

Four students at an Iowa college were stung so badly in robbing a bee-hive that detection of the theft and expulsion from school quickly followed.

The latest cure for obesity demands a sparing consumption of meat, abstinence from alcoholic beverages of all kinds, and the liberal drinking of tea.

Pneumatic tubes between London and Paris (473 miles) are proposed, with a prospective transmission of letters in one hour between the two points.

A New Bedford, Connecticut, farmer claims to have found his lost watch imbedded in the hollow of the shoe of his horse. It had not sustained any injury.

An apartment house containing 400 rooms is nearing completion in Brooklyn, and will be opened next month. It is 75x100 feet, and is six stories in height.

"Blue-ribbon beer," made at Toronto and sold as a temperance drink, is found to contain about three per cent. of alcohol, or half as much as is put in lager beer.

Tobacco seed is being distributed free to its subscribers by a Charleston, South Carolina, paper, which desires to stimulate the cultivation of tobacco in that State.

The following advertisement appears in a Geneva journal: "For the blind. Excellent pension, family life, good service, and delightful view of the Lake of Geneva."

A new system of drying lumber by surrounding it with common salt, is just now attracting attention. The peculiar power of salt for absorbing moisture is well known.

An ailing cow at Stamford, Connecticut, has been on the road to recovery since five ten-penny nails, a piece of glass an inch in length, and several bones, were removed from her stomach.

A sign, which reads as follows, hangs on the wall of a Tampa, Florida, restaurant: "Waters are not allowed to laf and tork with the men in the clothen dewring mele howers or wile waiting on gests."

It is related of a Texas university that the Faculty consists of a father and two sons. The sons conferred the title of LL. D. on the old gentleman, who returned the compliment by making each of his sons Ph. D.

There is some talk among leading society gentlemen as regards the introduction of lavender and other light colors for trousers and dress purposes. These were in vogue some fifteen years ago, and were generally liked.

A straw hat made in Camden, N. J., for a Jacksonville, Florida, citizen measures 22 inches in circumference on the inside, and has a 10 1-4-inch brim. The man himself is also beyond the average size, weighing 413 1-2 pounds.

A trial justice of Marion county, S. C., has advertised eight chickens taken up and to be sold under the provisions of the stock law. The charges are as follows: For taking up, $2; for maintenance, $1; for damages, 50 cents; costs, $1.50.

A Bostonian went home to supper, and being aggravated by his wife's neglect to prepare that frugal meal meal, struck her in the eye, slapped her face, and pulled her by the feet off the sofa where she was lazily reclining—dead of heart disease.

A young lad living near Swedesboro, N. J., who a few nights ago ringed himself up as a "ghost," by covering his body with a sheet, so frightened a little girl whom he took hold of that her mouth turned to the side of her face, and has remained in that position ever since.

During some leisure moments from their books, the other night, the exuberant students of a Vermont college barred the chapel doors so that no prayers could be said there. Then they stole a black horse, painted it white, and initiated it into a society with imposing ceremonies.

A colored citizen of Prince Edward county, Virginia, ascribes General Lee's election to the fact that he carried charms. He says he "seed 'em." When asked what the charms were, he said: the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit, a vial of stumpwater, and a coon-bone toothpick.

Eccentric beer saloons have been for some time past the rage in Paris. Waiters in convict garb and in the robes of archbishops were tolerated by the Government, but when it came to a beer monastery, with waiters and bar-maids made up as monks and nuns, the authorities refused a license.

JUDGE NOT!

BY E. P. N.

Judge not! Though clouds of seeming guilt may dim
thy brother's fame,
For fate may throw suspicion's shade upon the
brightest name;
Thou canst not tell what hidden chain of circum-
stances may
Have wrought the sad result that takes an honest
name away. Judge not!

Judge not! The greatest criminal may rightfully de-
mand
A chance to clear himself before a jury of his land;
And surely one who ne'er was known to break his
plighted word
Should not be hastily condemned to obloquy unheard.
Judge not!

Judge not! Thou canst not tell how soon the look of
bitter scorn
May rest on thee, though pure thy heart as dewdrops
in the morn;
Thou dost not know what freak of fate may place
upon thy brow
A cloud of shame to kill the joy that rests upon it
now. Judge not!

Judge not!—but rather in thy heart let gentle pity
dwell;
Man's judgments err; but there is One who "doeth
all things well."
Throughout the voyage of thy life this precept keep
in view—
"Do unto others as thou wouldst that they should do
to you!" Judge not!

Judge not!—for one unjust reproach an honest heart
can feel
As keenly as the deadly stab made by the pointed
steel.
The worm will kill the sturdy oak (though slowly it
may die)
As surely as the lightning-stroke swift rushing from
the sky. Judge not!

Dr. Jerrold.

BY E. S. MACQUOID.

THE following manuscript having come into my possession, I am permitted to publish it on the sole condition that I am to substitute fictitious names and places for names and places as they appeared in the original, and, it is almost needless to add, to this condition I have most cheerfully submitted.

CHAPTER I.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

SOME years ago, business called me to the city of Marseilles. Having never visited the French capital, and having a few days to spare, I spent them in Paris, enjoying the sights of the gay city, before continuing my journey to the South.

The days passed rapidly, as all happy days do, and one evening I found myself in the Gare de Lyon, seated in a first-class carriage waiting for the train to start.

The days were long at this time of the year, and, it being still quite light, I could discern my only neighbor to be a man of fifty, perhaps, and obviously a gentleman. His eyes struck me as being his most remarkable feature; they were beautiful eyes, and yet the quivering lids, the vacant way in which he looked at me, and many other signs which I knew well how to interpret, told me they were very defective in strength.

I judged that he could see me, for when I moved, his eyes followed my motion, but I was persuaded that he could not distinguish my features or expression without the aid of the glasses which hung by a silken cord.

The warning-bell sounded, and the customary 'en voiture' and slamming of doors ensued.

Suddenly a man's face was thrust into the carriage, and after a quick glance at my opposite neighbor its owner stepped in and took his seat in a far corner.

The new comer brought no luggage with him—not even an umbrella or a cane.

I remember this impressed me as being odd at the time, but as the man pulled his soft cap down over his rather handsome face, and kept his profile towards me, I gave him no further attention.

The train started, and, running rapidly, we had probably gone thirty miles before it began to grow dark.

When monotonous motion and the subdued light had caused a drowsy feeling to come gradually over me, I settled my head comfortably back against the cushions and prepared to sleep.

I glanced at my dark neighbor in the far corner; apparently he was already in the land of dreams; then I closed my eyes.

Some minutes may have elapsed, and I was half conscious that I was half asleep, when something—what, I cannot tell, caused me to open my eyes with a start.

My far-off neighbor had returned in haste from the land of dreams—he was in the act of rising.

A most rapid movement brought him to my opposite neighbor's side; he grasped the elderly gentleman's throat, thrust his hand into the inside pocket of his coat, and something white flashed before my half-closed eyes.

His object evidently accomplished, the ruffian endeavored to retreat to his own side of the carriage; but the assaulted gentleman now held him in a grasp like that of iron.

As I arose to assist the older party the man with the soft hat raised his clenched fist in the air—down it came, with such terrific force that the sound of the blow fairly sickened me—then he tore himself away, threw open the door of the carriage, and jumped from the flying train.

That was all!

It was all over in a few seconds!

Before I had time to collect my astonished thoughts the number of passengers had been decreased by one.

When the power of action returned to me I turned my attention to my fellow-traveller, who lay groaning on the opposite seat, seemingly stunned by the blow he had received.

I wiped the blood from his face with my handkerchief, and he muttered some words in French, which my limited knowledge of the language did not permit me to understand.

He pointed then to the electric button by which the train hands are communicated with; I obeyed his gesture, and, touching it, in the course of a few minutes an employe came back to see what was wanted, and my neighbor held an excited conversation with him, of which I understood not a word.

The employe pressing the button several times in a peculiar manner, the train gradually came to a halt.

The engineer appeared on the scene with other train officials and several passengers, who, in an inexplicable way, had scented something out of the usual run.

Another consultation was held, then the train began to back, at first slowly, then with ever-increasing rapidity.

Our compartment was now filled with a gesticulating and excitable crowd, all talking at once, and no one apparently paying the least attention to what anybody else was saying.

As we approached the spot where the man was supposed to have leaped to his death the train slackened speed, and many anxious eyes were searching for such remnants of him as might still be in existence.

Enterprising employes ran parallel with the train, searching on each side to a distance of thirty feet.

This manner of proceeding was continued until it became certain that the spot must have been passed where the assault took place, and as no man, either dead or alive, had been found, and as it was now quite dark, the search had to be abandoned, and the 'rapide' forged ahead once more.

In the confusion I managed to slip forward into another carriage.

I knew the natural delay that would attend the investigation of such an affair, and I felt that I could be of little service in identifying the culprit, so completely had his soft cap hidden his features.

Moreover, the week spent in Paris had made my business at Marseilles very pressing.

On the whole, taking all these facts into consideration, I think I was justified in beating a retreat.

Somewhat to my astonishment no search was made for me, and I arrived safely at my destination the following day, where I read in the newspapers a full account of the tragedy to which I had been an eye-witness.

My weak-eyed neighbor, I found, was one of the prominent men of France—an officer of one of the great French banking houses—and had been on his way to Lyons with a large sum of money in his possession.

He had placed his treasure carefully in the inner breast pocket of his coat, and here, with his hand continually upon it, he thought it would be secure, even, if he were unwary enough to fall asleep.

When his assailant had held his face close to him as he seized the roll of bills, the bank officer had recognized him as an English employe of some importance in his own bank.

I regretted sincerely that the man should have been an Englishman, because the French are so ready to judge of a nation by any of its miserable representatives who may come within their personal experience.

The next day's papers presented proof positive that the Englishman was the culprit.

He had known that the journey was to be taken, that the funds were to be conveyed, and that the officer's eyesight was weak enough to make recognition next to an impossibility.

Moreover, the day after the assault he was not at his post in the banking-house.

All this evidence would be enough to convict him, even though he had not been recognized by the weak-eyed bank officer, and yet the detectives were at fault—not as to the proof—but as to the man.

They tracked him from the banking-house door to the Gare de Lyon with great ease,

In imagination they followed him into the carriage; they were wise as to all that happened therein: they described how he had made the final leap with the greatest accuracy, but there they stopped!

They did not back down either gradually or gracefully, but they simply stopped with a force that threw them entirely off the track, and left them small prospect of ever getting on it again.

Had the earth opened and swallowed him?

Probably not; but had it done so his departure could hardly have been a subject of more conjecture than it was in the present instance.

The infallible Javert no longer existed, and the Englishman, dead, alive, or otherwise, never was captured,

Well, excepting the mysterious disappearance, it was a very ordinary affair; similar things have happened many times before, and probably they will continue to happen so long as railway carriages are in the present fashion.

Years rolled by, and the adventure ceased to occupy my thoughts; in fact, at the time on which the second part of my narrative opens, all remembrance of it had almost passed from my mind.

CHAPTER II.

I AM a shy, reserved, and sensitive man, and the longer I live the more firmly I am convinced that these qualities were born in me to remain with me for ever.

I have mixed with society and I have travelled, I have reasoned with myself, and in fact I have tried all the known remedies yet my birthrights have always remained to be my tormentors.

Though intensely affectionate by disposition, I invariably shrink from a chance meeting with an acquaintance, and sometimes even a friend—call it cowardice, call it shyness, call it what you will, only those who are like me will know all that I have suffered.

If you have ever met with a man of my type possessing the qualities referred to above, the chances are that you have remarked him to be a jealous man; how jealous you probably never realized, because it was his nature to conceal his sentiments, his emotions, and his passions from the public gaze.

In this kind of man, jealousy is often an incurable disease, for which he is entirely irresponsible, and, that you may do me justice, I beg that you will bear this in mind throughout the reading of this second part of my narrative.

Ah, how happy I was during the first days of my married life!

Shall I ever forget?

But no! Why say anything on a theme that has been exhausted and exhausted again, by the genius, the sensible man and the fool.

Grand total of my unsung rhapsody—my wife was beautiful, modest and accomplished.

I do not say so because I thought so, but because all who knew her were of my opinion.

Poor, perhaps, so far as money goes, but what of that?

I, as assistant editor of a local newspaper, made money enough for both and to spare, and though my work was discouraging at times, and the hours of labor long, I was always cheered by the thought of the little wife whose eyes were never once permitted to feel drowsy until I was heard fumbling at the lock with my key, at one, or sometimes two o'clock in the morning.

What if she had been a governess in the family of one of my chums?

She was a lady by birth—yes, her father was a gentleman; if he was also a spendthrift, my love could hardly be blamed for that.

So I took her from her modest position of a governess, just as she was, and made her mistress of a little house in a quiet quarter of London town.

The house was one of a new row, and the rent quite unexpectedly came within the sum I had mentally laid aside to cover this important item.

Somewhere on your bookshelves, if you read novels, you will find the rapture of my life described much better than any words of mine could describe it—therefore my version will not trouble you.

One day when I had become persuaded that the remainder of my life was to be all sunshine, a neighbor spoke to me of Dr. Jerrold.

"Dr Jerrold?" I repeated, "I do not know the man.'

"Nor do I; but you and he are likely to become better acquainted," said my informant. "I am told that the house next door to yours has been rented to him. They say he is a rising man."

Sure enough, the following Saturday Dr. Jerrold's sign appeared, and the trucks arrived with a heaping load of a little of everything.

At that time my wife and I were interested in household goods, and we stood looking out of the window, as the important operation of unloading was carried on, for Saturday was an off day with me, as my paper published no Sunday edition.

"Strange that Dr. Jerrold has not yet appeared on the scene," I remarked. "I suppose we may regard him as our family doctor—if we ever have the misfortune, or in one certain case to need one. Here now comes a gentleman across the street who looks as though he might be an M.D. Who knows? Perhaps this is Dr. Jerrold himself."

I had been standing with my arm around my wife's waist, and as I spoke I felt her trembling under my clasp.

I turned and looked at her—her face was deathly white, every vestige of color had departed from that usually ruddy cheek.

"What Bella, are you ill, my dear?" I cried. 'Why, did you not tell me this before?"

"Take me away," she said faintly. "Let me sit down. It is only faintness. It will pass.' She could hardly support herself, so I lifted her in my arms and carried her to a sofa.

The paleness of her face made my heart stand still, and, though I knew of many household remedies in a case like this, I did not dare to leave the room to search for them. A thought flashed across my mind; I stepped to the window, and saw the gentleman I had likened to a physician entering the house next door.

I threw up the sash and called to him: 'Dr. Jerrold, Dr. Jerrold!' and he looked in my direction.

'I beg your pardon,' I continued; 'but if you are a physician——'

'I am,' he said gravely.

'Then for heaven's sake, come here without one moment's delay, I am almost distracted.'

He jumped over the railing which separated his plot of ground from mine, and stepped over my threshold.

I was so excited that I seized his hand and wrung it as though he had been a friend of my boyhood.

As I did so, a peculiar expression passed over his face.

He said nothing, he did nothing, only simply stared at me, and his face betrayed even more astonishment than the circumstances seemed to call for.

Once I thought he was on the point of turning to go out, but I clutched at his coat. 'My wife is ill,' said I. 'Look at her, do something for her!'

He entered the room and bent his eyes upon her, and again that same peculiar expression of surprise—still more marked this time—passed over his face.

'Am I mad?' I asked myself, 'or is he, or are we both mad together?' My wife had closed her eyes and was lying very still. 'Isabelle,' said I,' Dr. Jerrold is here.'

No answer.

I bent my head, and, not feeling her breath upon my cheek, I turned to the physician with a look that must have startled him.

'Is she dead?"

'She has only fainted.' With a smile at my ignorance perhaps. 'She will recover in a few moments. You had better leave the room.'

'Why?'

'Because you are in too nervous a state to stay. If I am not careful, I shall have two fainting persons on my hands instead of one. Be sensible now and go out—but send your servant here. I always carry the remedies for such a simple case as this about my person—only do me the favor to retire, because I shall work better with you away.'

I demurred at first, but he was too strong for me when he remarked that my hesitation was wasting very valuable time.

I rang for our servant, and met her at the door as I was going out.

'Your mistress is very ill, said I, convinced of the truth of my words. 'Obey the instructions of the doctor to the letter, and let me know as soon as she recovers.'

The girl stared—then bowed assent as she walked in.

I strode up and down the hall-way, around and around the kitchen, too nervous to sit or stand still for a single moment.

Once or twice I was on the point of putting my hand on the door knob and walking in, but I repressed my impatience with an effort, and put my hand in my pocket instead.

At last, when it seemed to me that an age had passed, I heard the door open and my servant came out.

I grasped her arm with considerable force.

"Well?"

"She is better. Her senses have come back. But the doctor says you must not go in for a few minutes. He will call you as soon as he thinks it well for you to come."

A pleasant thing for a man in my impatient frame of mind to listen to!

Not, however, that I gave the request the least consideration.

I went as quickly as possible and opened the door of the room where my wife lay; the door opened softly, giving forth no sound, and a screen stood before it over the top of which I could just manage to see.

As I looked over the top of that screen, the sight that presented itself to my eyes held me motionless with astonishment, for I know not how long a time.

My wife, lifeless only a few minutes before frightfully pale even now, indeed, had raised herself from the sofa and placed both arms around the doctor's neck, and as I gazed he kissed her, not once—but time and time again.

My first impulse was to dash down the screen and throw myself on the astonished scoundrel but a moment's reflection caused me to think better of it; so I softly closed the door and retreated to the kitchen again.

The vision once removed from my eyes I began to doubt whether I had really seen it.

I asked myself whether I might not be the victim of some freak of the imagination.

Then the thought came to me that perhaps it was no delusion; perhaps my wife was still under the influence of her illness, and took Dr. Jerrold's form for mine; perhaps in her weakened condition she was not responsible for what she did.

Suddenly, as wild thoughts chased one another through my brain, a suspicion struck me with all the force of a blow.

My wife, in whom I had put such perfect trust, might she not be false, and this man some discarded lover? or, worse still, some lover who had discarded her?

In a moment the conviction forced itself upon me, though I struggled to cast it off.

I recalled the fact that she had first been attacked by her strange illness when I pointed out the man to her, and this now seemed to me all significant.

I had always known that I was of a jealous nature but until this moment I never realized the maddening influence, the irresistible strength and power that my weakness possessed over me.

At that moment I was no longer my own master—I was capable of anything—no crime could be too great for me to commit.

Fortunately, however, my rage was too great to permit me to satisfy it by any sudden revenge.

At length, when the doctor called me, I forced myself to look at him with peace in my eye.

For once I played the hypocrite, and entered the room with a smile on my face.

'My darling,' said I 'you frightened me; I am so glad to see you better.'

'Yes, I am better now,' she murmured, in some confusion as I fancied.

'Doctor,' I remarked, 'my wife's first acquaintance with you has not begun under auspicious circumstances. I pointed you out to her in the street, and a moment afterwards she was unable to stand.'

I fixed my eyes on Isabelle as I spoke, and observed the color rise perceptibly in her cheeks; but the doctor only answered with a careless smile, 'A queer coincidence. I hope our next meeting may not be attended with such unhappy results.'

He bowed himself out, and although I followed him to the door I could not bring myself to grasp the hand he extended to me.

I pretended not to see it, and he finally turned away with a slightly annoyed expression.

From that day on, I was mentally tortured morning, noon and night.

Then it was that I realized how well Iago said :—

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

Dr. Jerrold, although our next-door neighbor, did not become very intimate with us, with me at least; I often pressed him to call, in the slight hope that something would transpire to give me a clue to the mystery I was endeavoring to solve, but he invariably excused himself.

His practice, he said, was daily increasing, and what little time he could spare from his patients was devoted entirely to his books.

However, one day I came home unexpectedly, and found him making a social call on my wife.

Again I was wild with rage: again I restrained myself in the hope of finding some more severe punishment for his rascality than merely knocking him down.

At times during the next few weeks I felt almost persuaded of my wife's innocence; notwithstanding the mystery which I could not fathom, I was willing to believe that in the end she would come out as pure as I had always imagined her to be; but these were only stray moments of tranquility: at the first attack of the demon my confidence would give way again.

I think I had seen Dr. Jerrold twenty times or more when the impression first came to me that I had seen him before—at some time previous to that day when he startled my wife.

In vain I besought my memory to tell me where or when or under what circumstances.

Jerrolds I had known in my younger days, but none bore the slightest resemblance to the man in question.

After a month's distracting effort I abandoned the attempt to place him.

One morning I found my wife in tears. 'Isabelle,' said I, 'why do you weep? What is it?'

She tried to smile.

'Sad thoughts will come at times, sad memories, and sometimes I think that such thoughts do me good.'

'Are you not happy?'

'Happy! Oh, I am too happy—happier than I deserve to be. Often I feel that it is all too good to last. Often I feel as though—as though—I ought to tell you all——'

'All?' said I, as she hesitated, and my heart gave a great leap.

'All the troubles of my life before you came to me; for my life has not always been so cloudless as it is to-day.'

'You should tell me all that has ever troubled you,' said I, 'if my sympathy could comfort you in the least.'

'It would comfort me,' she answered; and I will tell you—but not now. Some day, perhaps, I will, but I cannot do it yet. Do not press me, for I am not equal to telling you to-day.'

Seeing her determined I did not insist: little did I then dream that before the sun rose twice again I was to know every particular of the trouble which was oppressing her—ay, paining her even as she spoke; and, strangest of all, not from her own lips.

This was the way it came about.

Walking to my office immediately after the conversation recorded above, in a crowded thoroughfare my eyes lighted by chance on an elderly gentleman with peculiar eyes; beautiful they were, and yet a certain something about them told me that those eyes were very, very weak.

It is a most astonishing fact that as I stared at that gentleman in a breathless sort of way my thoughts were not upon him—no, they were far away—they were with Dr. Jerrold; they were with the man of the soft cap who had returned so suddenly from the land of dreams, to relieve his fellow-passenger of a roll of bank notes.

The truth flashed upon me, without a mental effort, the instant the figure of this gentleman came within my range of vision.

I recognized Dr. Jerrold as the robber before I recognized the elderly gentleman as the robbed.

It certainly was an involuntary action of the brain.

The discovery filled me with wild satisfaction.

I felt that I now possessed a power over this singular doctor.

I could when I chose denounce him to the authorities, and hold him up to the world at large as a criminal of the worst description.

It seemed strange to me now that I had not recognized him before.

I stepped forward and tapped the weak eyed gentleman on the shoulder.

He turned and looked at me through his glasses, but of course without a sign of recognition.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' I said, but I think I cannot be mistaken. I think I had once the pleasure—that is to say, the pain, of beholding you in a very unfortunate situation.'

"It is possible, sir,' he said, with but a slight accent and an air which showed me that he spoke our language with confidence. 'I do not know. Perhaps you will have the kindness to recall——'

'I will,' said I. 'You probably have not forgotten the day when some valuable papers were stolen from you by a man who leaped from the train in which you were, and has never since been found.'

He seized both my hands in his.

"You!' he exclaimed, peering into my eyes. 'You! ah, sir, you have changed.'

"Indeed! I did not think you remarked me particularly at the time.'

'I thank you,' he went on without listening to me, 'for the proof you have so recently given me of your reformation. Oh, it was noble in you after running such a risk. Do not fear. I will never betray you, so long as I live you are safe from the police. But tell me how you managed to escape death, on leaping from that train. It has seemed wonderful to me.'

'You misunderstand me, sir,' I said. 'I am not the man who robbed you, I am the man who saw you robbed and who is now willing to aid you in bringing the scoundrel who assaulted you to justice.'

From that moment the gentleman's interest in me decreased.

I distinctly saw it disappear from his weak eyes.

As the robber he admired me; as the witness, I saw in an instant that I failed to hold his attention.

He dropped my hand with an air of disappointment, as though, never having nearly strangled him, it was unworthy to be held in his.

'Ah, I understand,' he said. I see; you acted badly, sir. You should have come forward at the time. You made me any amount of trouble by deserting me, and your aid is of little use to me now.'

'I regret it. But why, if I may ask?'

'I will explain. Because the money that was stolen has been repaid.'

'Repaid!' I repeated.

'With interest. I received the entire amount more than six months ago. It was paid to my bankers to my credit, and a letter was left to be delivered with the money, a letter without a signature.'

"You astonish me, sir,' said I. 'It is more than strange that a man so desperate in his manner of obtaining money should have taken the trouble to repay it.'

'The anonymous letter explained that. The writer told me that he had been a gambler, and at the time he was in my employ he had been heavily in debt. The more he played the heavier his losses became, and, with ruin staring him in the face, he resolved to procure a sufficient sum to enable him to escape from France and to live comfortably afterwards, or—perish in the attempt. But I am tiring you.'

'Pardon me, sir, you are interesting me more than I dare say. I beg you to continue.'

'Well, the writer admitted that his escape was miraculous. He had thrown himself violently forward in the direction that the train was going, and had struck on soft ground. Beyond a shock and a heavy fall he was uninjured. Picking himself up, he ran to the woods, and after numerous adventures escaped out of France into——he neglected to state where. Again his love of gaming proved too strong for him. This time his luck was better, and having won largely he took pleasure in restoring the property of which he had so rudely deprived me. Then he begged my forgiveness, and so on, and that was all.'

I said not a word, and the gentlemen continued :—

'Of course, after this, I should not think of attempting to punish him, even if I knew where to look for him, and therefore, I must decline your aid. I thank you, sir, nevertheless. When next you are in France I may be of service to you. Here is my card. Good-morning, sir.'

He extended his hand, and I fear I let him depart with but a slight pressure, so perplexed was I by the sudden turn my affairs had taken.

I went to my office, and worked with an excitement and energy which accomplished wonders.

I had now determined to put an end once for all to doubt, even though I opened the way to greater misery.

I had determined to tell my wife that very night all that I had seen and all that I knew, and then demand an explanation.

So rapidly did I work that the paper went to press a half-hour earlier than usual.

The night was cold, and I stepped into the tavern near the office, thinking that something hot would tend to make my walk homewards rather more comfortable, and at the same time encourage me to meet the coming ordeal.

I followed up something hot with something hotter still, and then set out, walking briskly.

Perhaps it was because something hot was a little stronger than usual; perhaps it was because I had eaten a light dinner that night; but certain it is that I was feeling slightly elated, and perhaps somewhat confused, as I turned into the street where I lived; not drunk by any means, not even tipsy; I could walk a straight line without difficulty; but my head was a trifle cloudy. I remember that after I opened the door with my latch-key I was surprised at finding myself in total darkness, for it had been my wife's custom to leave a dim light burning to guide me to the stairs.

However, I knew the way well enough, and after some groping and one or two collisions with the wall I arrived at the stairway and began to ascend.

Suddenly a figure bearing a lighted candle appeared above me, and instead of it being Isabelle, what was my astonishment when I recognized Dr. Jerrold.

My rage at discovering him in my house at this time of the night was ungovernable. With an inward curse I felt for the revolver which I invariably carried at night for protection.

'Who are you?' asked Dr. Jerrold. 'Stop right where you are. Advance at your peril.' I continued to advance, and he descended rapidly the few steps that separated us and threw his powerful frame upon me, his action of course extinguishing the candle.

'Vile sinner!' I cried. 'Prepare to meet your Maker, to answer for your crimes!'

'I felt his nervous hand upon my throat, and—madman that I was—I placed the pistol's muzzle against his side and pulled the trigger.

The effect was instantaneous—a sudden relinquishing of the grasp upon my throat, a moan, and a heavy fall.

The next instant remorse burst in upon me.

Whatever the provocation, I would have given all I possessed to undo what could not be undone.

The sound of footsteps above assured me that the house was aroused.

For a moment, but only a moment, I thought of endeavoring to escape.

Then, my better sense prevailing, I determined to hold my ground and await my wife's appearance.

The footsteps continued to come nearer, and at length a man appeared carrying a lighted lamp, and I recognized in him Dr. Jerrold's valet.

Something unfamiliar in the surroundings impressed me now for the first time, and I looked around more critically.

The disposition of rooms and stairway was the same, but the wall-paper differed in color from that in my house.

I wonder if any living man can form any conception of the horror that crept over me when I realized that instead of shooting an intruder I had shot a peaceable man in his own home, who had only been anxious to resent an invasion of his property by night.

My cup of trouble, of sorrow, of remorse, seemed too full.

"I must have staggered, for the doctor's valet threw out his arm as though to save me from falling.

"What does this mean,' he said—'crime or a mistake?'

'Both!' I answered. 'Yet, do not alarm the house, for, as Heaven is my witness, I am innocent.'

'Innocent! Of what? Who accused you?'

'Silence!' I cried fiercely. 'Assist me to lift him up.'

The bewildered valet obeyed mechanically, and we carried the doctor to his room and laid him on the bed, when I discovered to my joy, that he still breathed.

'Now,' said I to the valet, 'run as fast as your legs can be made to carry you, and bring a surgeon here.'

Still bewildered he departed; perhaps he had gone five minutes when I was astonished to see Jerrold open his eyes and look at me with the light of perfect consciousness in them.

'So,' he said faintly, 'you are the man who shot me. Very well, you will be hanged for your pains.'

I threw myself on my knees at his bedside.

'Dr. Jerrold, listen to me, for I speak the simple truth. I swear to you that when I fired that shot I believed myself in my own house; and I was so wild with rage at having my suspicions of my wife's infidelity confirmed that I knew not what I did. Though you have so deeply, irreparably injured me—you see that I know all—I still crave your forgiveness for this unfortunate mistake.'

He raised himself with a vigor which I should not have expected from a man in so much pain.

'Your wife's infidelity! I injured you! Have your senses left you? Are you mad?'

'It is useless to attempt to deceive me longer I cried. 'I have been an eyewitness to your guilty impassioned kisses. Ay! I have known all from the first, but I do not plead the knowledge in excuse for what has happened this night.'

'You suspect as pure a woman as ever breathed! How dare you even whisper the vile thoughts that have passed through your diseased brain? Oh, you fool! So you have taken me to be the lover of my own sister—yes, my own sister, I say: so I am, in one sense; I have loved her all my life better than any other living woman!—would you dispute my right to love her now?'

I literally shrank back from his words. In the face of this great revelation I felt more guilt on my soul than I had ever supposed I could feel and live.

'Then, what demon possessed you to adopt secrecy?' I asked, finding my tongue at length. 'Oh, why did you not tell me all at first?'

'I had my reason: but since you are as much in my power as I can ever be in yours, and to show you what a fool you are, I will tell you my reason. There! Are you satisfied? I will tell you my reason. Years ago you were riding in a French railway carriage, when a man jumped out. Is that so?'

'It is.'

'At the time you thought he must have been killed. Is that so?'

'That is so.'

'Well he was not killed. I am the man! I escaped—never mind how. I escaped to England. I was ashamed to go back to my family, so I disguised myself somewhat and quietly studied medicine under an assumed name, and finally became a physician. All went well until that day when I first saw you and first knew you as my sister's husband. My sister penetrated my disguise in an instant, and you know how the sight affected her. Until the moment she had not the least idea that her disgraced brother was in England. I recognized you before I had fairly entered your house, but I also saw that you did not recognize me. I managed, you will remember, so that my sister and I were left alone—then I told her the truth—I told her that for me you were the most dangerous husband she could have found. Now just consider. If I had declared myself to be your brother-in-law, would you not have thought it rather strange that you never heard of me before? would you not have asked embarrassing questions? Would not all your wondering have led you in the end to recall where you had seen me before? Perhaps you understand my reason for concealment now.'

'I do,' said I; and I have done you great injustice; forgive me.'

As he clasped the hand that I extended, his valet entered, accompanied by a surgeon, who proved to be an acquaintance of Jerrold's, as I shall continue to call him. He smiled as he bent over and examined the wound.

'Are you gentlemen laughing at me? This is a mere nothing. A little more and the ball would hardly have scratched you. You are a little weak from loss of blood; that is all. But how did it happen?'

'The way all accidents happen, answered Jerrold, 'nobody knows exactly how.'

With this rather vague explanation the surgeon was obliged to be content.

What words can describe my joy when I found that Jerrold was to live?

What words can describe my joy when I folded my wife to my breast that very night and told her in part what I told in these pages, and felt that she was all my own once more?

Not that she had ever ceased to be, except in my imagination.

At last I was persuaded that my troubles were at an end.

Within a fortnight my brother-in-law was as well as ever, but he only recovered to live about six months. Pneumonia put a sudden end to his life, almost before I had begun to realize that, notwithstanding his sins, he was a better man than many who never have gone and never will go, so far to trangress against their country's laws. High play, which had made of him a desperate man, was more his misfortune than his fault.

Saved by a Barrel.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

AN old shipmate called to see me a few days ago at my lodgings in Blank street.

He had followed the occupation of sailor from the time that he was thirteen years of age, and although the thrilling adventures, hair-breadth escapes, and singular vicissitudes of his wandering life might, if written, have filled a dozen foolscap journals, they were all clearly traced upon the tablets of his memory, even to the most minute details.

As we conversed of old times, the hours flew by unheeded.

The clock struck eleven—my old chum's eyes brightened—he looked at me wistfully.

Understanding the mute appeal, I nodded consent, whereupon my shipmate set his "spinning machine" to work, and the following yarn began to unwind:

Forty years ago, at this hour precisely—I remember the circumstance as well as though it had happened by a few nights since—I stood at the helm of the ship Champion, leaning against the barrel of the wheel, and looking up in a sort of dreamy reverie at the stars, which, it seemed to me, were all dancing backward and forward, like so many little imps peeping over the yards, retreating beneath the sails, or looking slyly down at me from behind the masts, the appearance being caused by the motion of the vessel as she rose and fell upon the long, lazy swells of the equatorial waters.

There was not a breath of air stirring, and the sails kept up a loud racket as they flapped heavily against the masts, with their broad shadows swaying to and fro upon the moonlit sea.

It was one of those kind of nights, in fact, which are calculated to create a drowsy feeling throughout the whole of Jack's system—a feeling which, joined to the slow rocking of the vessel, the warmth and dreamy softness of the night, and the calm, steady gleaming of the silvery moon, produces an influence that it is almost impossible to resist.

Every man composing the watch on deck, with the exception of myself, had fallen into a deep sleep; and although I was struggling hard against the inclination to follow their example, my eyes would close every now and then, as though weighed down by some invisible hand.

But from these oblivious relapses I would rouse myself with a powerful effort, fix my gaze upon the stars, mentally vowing that

the drowsy god should not get the better of me.

But Nature will assert her rights. I had been up the greater part of the preceding night, watching by the side of a wounded chum—whose leg had been severely hurt a few weeks prior to this time, when the boat to which he belonged was stoven by a sperm whale—and on that account needed sleep much more than any of my shipmates.

Gradually the storm again faded from my view, my heavy eyelids closed, and I was about to sink into another doze when a noise, close at my right hand, caused me to awake with a sudden start.

Upon looking in the direction of the sound, I perceived that it had been caused by the third mate, who, while blundering along, half asleep, in the direction of the binnacle, probably with the intention of looking at the compass, had stumbled over an empty barrel that obstructed his way.

With a fierce oath, uttered in an angry voice, he lifted the unconscious object of his wrath from the deck and hurled it over the rail into the sea. It was well for me that he did so.

"How? What connection had you with that empty barrel?" I interrupted.

"Be patient and you shall hear," responded my chum.

I again repeat, it was well for me that he have that barrel overboard.

I have since thought the act must have been performed through the instrumentality of some good spirit who watched over my welfare.

But to proceed with my story.

Having thus vented his indignation, the third mate gave a glance at the compass and then returned to his comfortable quarters near the steerage-hatch, where, stretching himself out upon the deck, and resting his head upon his pillow—a bag of potatoes—he was soon snoring away in a lusty manner.

A few minutes afterwards my eyes closed again, the noise from the officer's respiratory organs died upon my ears, and I found myself once more in the land of dreams.

I seemed to be standing near the verge of a precipice.

The sky was clear—it was night—and the moon was sailing majestically along the heavens.

Suddenly I beheld a dark cloud swiftly advancing from the west.

Nearer and nearer it seemed to approach every moment, and I could perceive that it was followed by a number of black looking objects, which, upon a closer inspection, I distinguished to be locusts.

The loud, humming noise emitted by these insects fell with a strange, weird sound upon my ear.

At length the cloud passed over the moon: the wind rose, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled.

The force of the gale seemed to be carrying me to the verge of the precipice.

In vain I resisted—nearer and nearer toward the frightful spot was I borne. Another step, and I would be precipitated from the dizzy height.

My brain reeled as I gazed below: a broad expanse of water rolled, thundering, hissing, and foaming, at the foot of the height.

At that instant a loud crash of thunder greeted my ears, and I awoke.

Half bewildered, I rubbed my eyes and looked, or rather strove to look, about me.

But an impenetrable gloom had settled around the ship, and I now comprehended that during my sleep a tempest had been gathering.

I leaned anxiously forward to look at the compass.

At that moment there was a loud rushing sound, and the storm burst howling and shrieking upon the vessel.

The ship went down upon her beam ends before the force of the blow. There was a crash of snapping spars up aloft, a wild flutter of sheets and thunder, mingled with the thunder-like report of the topsails as they were split open by the gale.

The next moment the vessel gave a sudden, violent jerk, one of the revolving spokes caught in the back pocket of my jacket, and I was shot like a shot from over the ship's rail into the boiling, foaming waters of the wild sea! When I rose to the surface I caught a last glimpse of the vessel as she receded from my view amid the deep gloom.

I was an excellent swimmer, but hope faded from my heart with the vanishing form of that ship, and I felt that I was doomed to perish.

Alone upon the ocean, cast amid the merciless waves, with the wild spray dashing over me, and the storm wind howling in my ears, what could I look forward to but death?

Still, I clung to life with the energy of despair, cleaving the raging waters with my arms as though some friendly shore near by was cheering my vision.

Suddenly my hand struck against a hollow wooden substance, and an involuntary cry of joy escaped my lips as I perceived that this object was the empty barrel which the third mate of the Champion had thrown overboard about half an hour previously.

As I continued to feel it, I noticed that one of the iron hoops had become considerably loosened.

Unfastening my belt from my waist, and also the silk handkerchief from my neck, I tied them securely together, and then lashed myself to the friendly barrel. Minutes and hours went by, but the storm continued as terrific as ever.

Buoyed up by my life-preserver, I was tossed hither and thither upon the mighty waves.

My head swam, and the darkness seemed to revolve about me, and every bone in my body ached.

At last it began to grow lighter, but as far as I could see nothing met my gaze, save the dark clouds rushing wildly over the heavens, and the mass of wild foaming waves that rolled thundering and foaming across the broad bosom of the sea.

Once I thought I could perceive a sail in the distance, and my heart leaped joyfully in my breast, but as the object drew nearer I saw that it was a large sea bird. It came close to the spot I occupied, and, with wild, unearthly screams, flew in circles about my head.

"There is no hope," I mentally exclaimed, "even that bird's instinct tells him that I must die, and he is waiting that he may have the pleasure of feasting upon my body."

At that moment, as if to encourage me, a ray of sunlight pierced the dark pall of clouds above, and shone upon me.

The howl of the blast began to subside a little, and I knew that the storm was going down.

As I looked keenly to the eastward I again saw something white, but supposing that it was another bird, I checked the exultant feeling that was rising in my breast.

A tremendous wave bore down upon me, lifted my form high up upon its mountain crest, and then seemed to roll onward in the direction of the object I had just seen.

I watched it as it receded far in the distance, hiding the speck from my vision; but a few minutes later this last again came to view as it was raised high above the level of the sea, and then my doubts were at an end.

It was a vessel!

I distinctly saw a black spot mingled with the white of the sails, which I knew to be the hull of the craft, and circumstances convinced me that she was not so far off as I had supposed.

Attempts to describe the joy which thrilled my frame at this discovery would be hopeless.

I took my soaked handkerchief from my pocket and waved it over my head as a signal whenever a wave lifted me in the air; and as I continued to watch the vessel, I knew by the apparent increase of her size that she was approaching in my direction.

"They have seen me!" I shouted, exultingly.

At that moment the bird—who all this time had continued to wheel in circles above my head—suddenly made a downward dart, with the probable intention of seizing upon some fish she had seen in the water.

By so doing, however, she missed her aim, and the point of her sharp bill came into contact with my neck and pierced it.

An agonizing sensation of pain thrilled my whole frame, and the next moment I felt the warm blood gushing from the wound, as the creature flew screaming away.

A deadly faintness soon came over me; the sky and the vast ocean appeared to whirl before my vision—everything seemed shrouded in mist—then to grow dark—and the next moment I became unconscious.

When I opened my eyes again, I found myself lying in the cabin of a strange vessel.

There were bandages about my throat, and as soon as I could collect my scattered faculties, I knew that the flow of blood had been stopped.

Two men stood by the side of my bunk, looking down upon me. My eager inquiries were soon answered.

I was told that I was in a bark bound to Valparaiso.

My signal had been decried by one of the seamen, and the vessel had been put directly for the spot.

Soon afterward, having approached sufficiently near, a boat was despatched to pick me up.

But great was the surprise of the crew when they perceived my unconscious state, and the ghastly wound in my throat.

Luckily they had a skilful physician on board the bark, and accordingly, taking me in the boat, they made all possible haste to reach their vessel, which, as you have perceived, they succeeded in doing in time to save my life.

A few more words will serve to conclude my story.

In a month I had so far recovered from my wound that I was able to be on deck.

Soon afterwards the bark arrived at Valparaiso.

I there shipped in a merchant vessel bound to the East Indies, and from thence to China.

Three years elapsed before I again returned home.

Upon reaching Philadelphia I sought out the owners of the Champion, to whom I related the foregoing incidents; and in their turn they stated the fact that this vessel had not been seen or heard from since the date of my accident.

There was accordingly, no reason to doubt that she had been lost at sea, and that all hands had perished with her. I then felt, as I feel now, almost certain that the catastrophe took place on the same night that I met with my accident; and that had the watch been awake, as they should have been, ere the storm struck the ship, they could very easily have saved her.

"Such is my story," continued the old seaman, as he put down his empty pipe; "and I hope that you may profit by the moral it contains, which is this—

"Always be faithful and wide awake at the post of duty."

Among the Bandits.

BY M. THORNER.

A SHORT time after the war with France Sultan Abd-er-Rhaman sent an army to punish the inhabitants of the Rif, who had burned a French vessel.

Among the various Sheiks who were ordered to denounce the culprits was one named Sid-Mohammed Abd-el-Djebar, already advanced in years, who, being jealous of a certain Arusi, a bold and handsome youth, placed him, though innocent, in the hands of the general, who sent him to be incarcerated at Fez.

But he only remained about a year in prison.

After his release he went to Tangiers, remained there some time, and then suddenly disappeared, and for awhile no one knew what had become of him.

But shortly after his disappearance, there were rumors all over the province of Garb of a band of robbers and assassins which infested the country between Rabat and Saracco.

Caravans were attacked, merchants robbed, Caids maltreated, the Sultan's soldiers pelgnarded; no one dared any more to cross that part of the country, and the few who had escaped alive from the hands of the bandits came back to the towns stupefied with terror.

Things remained in this state for a good while, and no one had been able to discover who was the chief of the band, when a merchant from the Rif, attacked one night by moonlight, recognized among the robbers the young Arusi, and brought the news to Tangiers, whence it spread rapidly about the province.

Arusi was the chief.

Many others recognized him.

He appeared in the douars and villages by day as well as by night, dressed as soldier, as a Caid, as a Jew, as a Christian, as a woman, as an ole on, killing, robbing, vanishing, pursued from every quarter, but never taken, always unexpected in his approach, always under a new disguise, capricious, brave, and unfathomable, and he never went very far away from the neighborhood of the citadel, El Mamora—a fact which no one could understand.

The reason was this.

The Caid of the citadel, El Mamora, was no other than the old Sheik, Sid-Mohammed Abd-el-Djebar, who had placed Arusi in the hands of the Sultan's general.

At that very time Sid Mohammed had just given his daughter in marriage, a girl of marvellous beauty, named Rahmana, to the son of the Pasha of Sale, who was called Sid-Ali.

The nuptial feasts were celebrated with great pomp, in the presence of all the rich young men of the province, who came on horseback, armed, and dressed in their best to the citadel, El Mamora, and Sid-Ali was to conduct his bride to Sale, to his father's house.

The cortege started from the citadel at night.

It had to pass through a narrow defile formed by two chains of wooded hills and downs.

First went an escort of thirty horsemen; behind these, Rahmana on a mule, between her husband and her brother; behind her, her father, the Caid, and a crowd of relations and friends.

They entered the defile.

The night was serene, the bridegroom held Rahmana by the hand, the old Caid smoothed his beard: all were cheerful and unsuspecting.

Suddenly there burst upon the stillness of the night a formidable voice, which cried—

"Arusi salutes thee, O Sheik Sid-Mohammed Abd-el-Djebar!"

At the same moment, from the top of the hill, thirty muskets flashed, and thirty shots rang out.

Horses, soldiers, friends, and relations fell wounded or dead, or took to flight; and before the Caid and Sid-Ali, who were untouched, could recover from their bewilderment, a man, a fury, a demon—Arusi himself—had seized Rahmana, placed her before him on his horse, and fled with the speed of the wind towards the forest of Mamora.

The Caid and Sid-Ali, both resolute men, instead of giving way to a vain despair took a solemn oath never to shave their heads until they had been fearfully avenged.

They demanded and obtained soldiers from the Sultan, and began to give chase to Arusi, who had taken refuge with his band in the great forest of Mamora.

It was a most fatiguing warfare, carried on by surprises, ambuscades, nocturnal assaults, forays, and ferocious combats, and went on for more than a year, driving, little by little, the band of marauders into the centre of the forest.

The circle grew closer and closer.

Many of Arusi's men were already dead with hunger, many had fled, many had been killed fighting.

The Caid and Sid-Ali, as their vengeance seemed to draw near, became more ferocious in its pursuit; they ceased neither night nor day; they breathed only for revenge.

But of Arusi and Rahmana they could learn nothing.

Some said they were dead, some that they had fled, some that the bandit had first killed the woman and then himself.

The Caid and Sid-Ali began to despair, because the farther they advanced into the forest, and the thicker the trees, higher and more intricate became the bushes, the vines, the brambles, and the junipers; so that the horses and dogs could no longer force a passage through them.

At last, one day, when the two were walking in the forest, almost discouraged, an Arab came towards them and said that he had seen Arusi hidden in the reeds on the river-bank at the extremity of the wood.

The Caid hastily called his men together, and, dividing them into two companies, sent one to the right and the other to the left, towards the river.

After some time, the Caid was the first to see rising from the midst of the reeds a phantom, a man of tall stature and terrible aspect—Arusi.

Everybody rushed towards that point; they searched in vain; Arusi was not there.

"He has crossed the river!" shouted the Caid.

They threw themselves into the stream and gained the opposite bank.

There they found some footprints, and followed them, but after a little they failed. Suddenly the horsemen broke into a gallop along the river bank.

At the same moment the attention of the Caid was drawn to three of his dogs who had stopped, searching, near a clump of reeds.

Sid-Ali was the first to run to the spot, and he found near the reeds a large ditch, at the bottom of which were some holes.

Jumping into the ditch, he introduced his musket into one of the holes, felt it pushed back, and fired, then, calling the Caid and the soldiers, they searched here and there, and found a small round aperture in the steep bank just above the water.

Arusi must have entered by that opening.

"Dig!" shouted the Caid.

The soldiers ran for picks and shovels to a neighboring village, and, digging, presently came upon a sort of arch in the earth, and under it a cave.

At the bottom of the cave was Arusi, erect, motionless, pale as death.

They seized him; he made no resistance. They dragged him out; he had lost his left eye.

He was bound, carried to a tent, laid on the ground, and, as a first taste of vengeance, Sid-Ali cut off one by one all the toes of his feet and threw them in his face. This done, six soldiers were set to guard him, and Sid-Ali and the Caid withdrew to another tent, there to arrange what tortures they should inflict before cutting off his head.

The discussion was prolonged; for each one tried to propose some more painful torture, and nothing seemed horrible enough; the evening came, and nothing was decided. The decision was put off until the next morning, and they separated.

An hour afterwards the Caid and Ali were asleep, each in his tent; the night was very dark, there was not a breath of wind, not a leaf moving: nothing was heard but the murmur of the river and the breathing of the sleeping men.

Suddenly a formidable voice broke the silence of the night—

"Arusi salutes thee, O Sheik Sid-Mohammed Abd-el-Djebar!"

The old Caid sprang to his feet, and heard the rapid beat of a horse's feet departing.

He called his soldiers, who came in haste, and shouted, "My horse! my horse!"

They sought his horse, the most superb animal in the whole Garb.

It was gone.

They ran to the tent of Sid-Ali: he was stretched to the ground, dead, with a poignard stuck in his left eye.

The Caid burst into tears; the soldiers went off on the track of the fugitive.

They saw him for an instant like a shadow then lost him; again saw him, but he fled like the lightning and vanished, not to be seen again.

Nevertheless, they continued to follow all the night, until they reached a thick wood, where they halted to await the dawn.

When daylight appeared they saw far off the Caid's horse approaching, tired out and all bloody, filling the air with lamentable neighings.

Thinking that Arusi must be in the wood they loosed the dogs and advanced sword in hand.

In a few minutes they discovered a dilapidated house half ridden among the trees.

The dogs stopped there.

The soldiers came to the door, and levelling their muskets, let them fall with a cry of amazement.

Within the four ruined walls lay the corpse of Arusi, and beside it a brave woman, splendidly dressed, with her hair loose on her shoulders, was binding up his bleeding feet, sobbing, laughing, and murmuring words of despair and love.

It was Rahmana.

They took her to her father's house, where she remained three days without speaking one word, and then disappeared.

She was found some time time afterwards in the ruined house in the wood, scratching up the earth with her hands, and calling on Arusi.

And there she stayed.

"God!" said the Arabs, "had called her reason back to Himself, and she was a saint."

Whether she is still living or not, no one knows.

She was certainly living twenty years years ago, and was seen in her hermitage by M. Narcisse Cotte, attached to the consulate of France at Tangiers, who told her story.

THE brightest life has its shadowy side.

Our Young Folks.

THE QUEEN OF THE HENS.

BY PIPKIN.

SHE used to sit on the ledge of the scullery window all day, and they say she even slept there all night,—this grey and-white puss—but that was before she was made Queen of the Hens.

And the reason she liked this place so well was that, when the cook had any scraps to give the fowls, she always threw them out of the scullery-window, and Puss, being on the spot, seized upon the spoil before the rightful owners, who strayed about the yard, had time to come up to her to dispute possession.

This happened so often that the fowls at length lost all patience, and used to peck at poor Pussy most spitefully when she was within reach, but, although she never scratched or defended herself, she kept her ground, and her seat in the scullery window, and her ill-gotten guns.

And there was no excuse for her on the plea of hunger either.

She was well fed, for the cook made a great pet of her.

One sunny August afternoon, as she was returning from her walk, she was beguiled by the delightful warmth of the sloping roof of the pig-stye to lie down and take a little snooze before regaining her usual post.

She stretched herself out luxuriously, displaying her pretty white legs to full advantage, and blinking and smiling as she revelled in the sunshine.

It was the hottest, sleepiest hour of the day.

The windows of the little white house which was "attached to the fowl-yard" (as the cook used to put it) were all wide open, and the red-and-white blinds were drawn down.

The fowls were enjoying their afternoon rest in the holes they had made for themselves under the elder-trees, which were now covered with its broad bunches of berries.

They were burrowing in the earth, and preening their feathers, and gossiping gently the while.

The sky was blue and cloudless, the shadows were still, and away beyond the garden-wall, the quiet hills lay sleeping.

Everything invited to repose, and soon Puss was slumbering sweetly.

By-and-by a little breeze sprung up, and the fowls roused themselves, and began once more to peck about the yard, carefully going over every inch of the ground, in the vain hope that, by some chance, a grain or two of barley might have been left from their last meal.

There were twenty-four fowls altogether, including the cock and the two chickens.

Some of them were black, some speckled, and there was a Cochin-China with feather trousers.

The cock was just remarking that they "had had a very quiet afternoon," meaning by that that it was a long time since the last dole from the scullery window, and the wild excitement attendant thereon, when the well-known sound of the pushing back of the sash caused him to precipitate himself with undignified haste in the direction of the house.

He was not alone.

Every one of the twenty-four hens was in front of the window; from stable, hen-house, loft, they had gathered with the marvellous promptness which the slightest hint of food was sufficient to call forth.

There they stood, a solid phalanx, with necks outstretched and greedy eyes, and while they waited they exchanged low-toned congratulations that Puss was still fast asleep, and so was missing the grand chance.

What, then, was their disgust when the cook, reappearing with a lovely little bit of raw meat in her hand, instead of throwing it at once among the expectant crowd, called—

"Pussy, Pussy, Pussy!"

Pussy woke out of her sound sleep all in a hurry, and prepared to leap from the pig-stye, but when she saw the angry mob between her and the window, she hesitated, and nothing but the sight of the raw meat could have given her courage to go on.

As she bounded across the yard she received several pecks, and did not give a single scratch, but as soon as she had the meat between her teeth it seemed to fill her with fierceness, and she growled so furiously that not even the cock dared to approach her to dispute her prey.

So spiteful, however, were the remarks of the mal contents, and so venomous their glances, that Puss could not enjoy her meat while they were looking on, so, seizing it with her teeth, and growling without a moment's intermission, she made her way back again across the yard, and retired with her prize to the friendly shelter of the washing room.

"Well, of all the greedy, guzzling beasts I ever saw, that is the word!" exclaimed the cock, bitterly, as Puss disappeared from sight.

"It is just eat, eat, eat, with her from morning till night," responded the Cochin-China, hastily swallowing an earwig and looking out sharply for more.

"And what is the result of it all?" demanded the black hen. "To my certain knowledge, not a single egg has she laid for the last six months! There's a miserable animal for you!"

"They say she catches the mice," peeped one of the chickens, timidly.

"Catches the mice? Yes, and eats them too, eats them every one! I've been told that she never even offers a tasting to the people of the house."

The black hen was getting into a rage; she had rather a short temper.

"I'll tell you what it is, I won't stand it," she bursts out again: "there must be some measures taken to put an end to this nuisance," and she looked fiercely at the cock, as much as to say that it was his duty to suggest what measures ought to be taken.

The cock pretended not to hear, and stalked off in the direction of the kitchen door.

The fact was that he had had several encounters with the black hen, and had always got the worst of it, and he wished to avoid anything like an argument now.

"I'll tell you what to do," cried a big, fat, speckled hen, who had been thinking deeply for the last ten minutes; "make the puss our queen, and call her Queen of the Hens."

"Make her your own queen, and call her queen of an idiot!" retorted the black hen, with scathing contempt; "what good would it do to make her our queen I should like to know?"

"Well, I heard the man of the house say yesterday, when he was walking in the garden, that his queen 'guarded the interests of her subjects,' and I am sure we have much need of some one to guard our interests."

"Ah! The cat would be a nice one to guard our interests; the very beast that sits for ever at the scullery window, and steals our meat!"

"And could she sit on the throne and on the scullery at the same time?" demanded Speckle, with dignity.

This was unanswerable, and amidst respectable silence she went on to explain how the idea had occurred to her of offering Puss the honorable post of Queen of the Hens.

"You all know how anxious the cat is to lie in one of our nice, warm holes that we make for ourselves; you know that she has tried it over and over again, and that always just when she is comfortably curled round we chase her out of it; well, I propose that we should offer her now the exclusive use of the large hole near the rose-tree for her throne, and promise to allow her to sleep there in peace."

"And may I ask what the advantage of this extraordinary arrangement is supposed to be?" inquired the cock, who had sauntered up in time to hear Speckle's long explanation.

"Don't you see, you silly, that if the cat is asleep under the rose-bush, she cannot watch the scullery window, and she will be so far off that she will not even hear it open!"

"She'll hear you cackling, or I'm much mistaken," retorted the cock, and a quarrel seemed imminent, when the sight of the servant coming across the yard, carrying the great dish of bran which constituted the fowls' evening meal, drove all other thoughts out of their heads.

In a moment the scene "baffled description," as the newspaper writers say; all the traps of self-respect and kindliness were forgotten as the hens struggled for the foremost places, and the greedier ones even jumped on to the edge of the dish before it was set down on the ground, while the chickens ran about distractedly on the outskirts of the crowd, peeping piteously.

In due course of time, Puss was waited upon by the hens, and informed of their proposal to make her their queen.

She seemed a little suspicious at first as to their motives, but when they mentioned that she was to be allowed to sleep in the hole under the rose-bush, and promised not to disturb her, she gave her consent, and immediately took possession of her throne.

"Look at the dear little pussy lying in one of the hens' holes!" cried one of the at the children of the house, as she stood open window; "does not she look comfortable?"

And the mother came to the window, and admired Pussy too.

All went on smoothly for about a week.

The queen found her lowly throne very comfortable.

It fitted her exactly, and to her great surprise, the hens kept their promise, and let her sleep in it in peace.

The cock made one or two sarcastic observations about queens who slept all day instead of guarding the interests of their subjects, as good queens ought to do; but the hens hushed him up, and told him that he ought to be thankful that she did sleep, and had never once, since the day of her enthronement, sat on the scullery window, and intercepted the scraps.

One afternoon, when the queen had gone for a walk in the garden as usual, a tremendous shower came on, and she fled for shelter to the nearest place, which was the porch at the front door.

There she sat, crouched on the mat, with her shoulders sticking up and her back very damp.

She sat for a long time thus, and the rain poured and poured, and seemed none the less plentiful.

The prospect was so dreary that Puss presently dropped asleep, but when she was awakened by the sudden "chuck-chuck-chuck" of a blackbird, as he flew out of the lime-tree, all was changed.

The clouds were hurrying away; there was blue sky overhead, and a sunbeam had decked the hedge with sparkling, diamond drops.

"I feel a sort of emptiness," said Puss to herself, and she began to pick her way daintily toward the garden-wall, which she soon climbed.

Then she bounded across to the roof of the washing-house, where she paused for a little, just to see what her subjects were about.

Most of them were wading—indeed, it was difficult to do anything else, for most of the yard was puddles.

There was one great puddle in front of the scullery window, and another at the coach-house door, and, as to the entrance to the garden, it was like a sea.

The cock was a perfect fright; his tail was so wet that it was actually dragging on the ground, and nothing but the dread of missing some chance of food kept him from going to bed.

The hens were miserable objects too—soaking and disheartened.

"You are getting your trousers wet!" the black hen called sharply to the Cochin-China, who was standing in the great pool in front of the scullery window.

But he had heard the cook say something about "that cold bush," and, although he did hate getting his trousers wet, still he did not care to be particular when food was in the question; so he just muttered something about being "only a little damp," and stayed where he was. In a little while cook came to the window, the sash flew open, the clamorous crowd rushed together, and, like a dart, the queen sprang through her unsuspicious subjects, and gained the window.

"Eh! ye bonny cratur, it's a long time since we've seen ye at the window," cried the cook, and the hush went no farther than Pussy that day.

"Well, of all the selfish, unjust animals!" cried the cock; but no one paid him any attention—that was what he always said.

The Cochin-China was so staggered that he stood with the edge of his trousers in the water for ever so long, staring up at the cat, and caught a very bad cold in consequence.

As for the hens, they did not know what to do.

This sudden change in their queen's conduct bewildered them.

Why was she not in her throne where she had been so comfortable (and so out of the way)?

"If any of you care for wading, there is nice deep water in my throne," observed Puss, carelessly.

WHO WAS THE CULPRIT?

BY VERA SINGLETON

"YOU'R sums are wrong again, Walters," said the master. "And the mistakes are precisely the same as Leslie's, figure for figure. You've been copying again. Stand out, sir."

Walters, a grave-looking boy, did as he was desired, and the master took up his cane.

"Hold out your hand."

John Leslie half rose, he was trembling, and he could not speak, though his lips moved.

"Sit down," said the master.

Leslie sat down mechanically, and James Walters received the punishment.

After a time he brought up his sum corrected.

"And your's Leslie?" said the master.

"I can't do it, sir."

"There is no such word as 'can't,'" answered the master. "You will not go home until it is done."

It was a half-holiday.

John Leslie, locked up in the school-room, sat at one of the tables, his face buried in his hands, and his slate beside him.

"I'm stupid, and I'm a coward," he said to himself.

He was faint and dizzy, for he had had nothing to eat since breakfast-time, and it was now four o'clock.

Suddenly he heard a footstep in the next room.

Perhaps it was the master. He shuddered.

Presently a hand was laid on his shoulder.

He could bear his dread no longer, and uttered a wild shriek.

"Do be quiet, Jack; no one's going to kill you. The master is out, and I'll try to help you," said James Walters.

"Jim," replied Leslie, "it's no use to try to help me; I'm stupid and a coward. I should like to die, and not be a trouble to any one."

"Nonsense, Jack; you're clever enough in some ways, and you'll get over your fear in time."

"You've been caned twice for me now," murmured Leslie.

"And will be caned again," said the master, who, having suddenly remembered John Leslie, had come to look after him. "How dare you come here?"

And he turned to Walters.

But at that moment Leslie, overcome with fear, and faint with hunger, fell to the ground.

"He's fainted, sir," said James Walters.

Perhaps the fainting saved both the boys, for when Leslie had recovered, the master bade Walters take him home.

"Jim," said John Leslie, "what do you think I can do?"

"Why, there isn't a fellow in the school can draw as you can. You can make likenesses of us all, and the master too, with your bits of chalk; only you have to rub them off the walls for fear of being seen."

John Leslie sighed.

He had worked away out of school hours, and his sums were oftener right. He longed to confess his delinquency, but did not dare to do it.

He sketched the scene on bits of paper; he sketched it on his slate, and then rubbed it quickly away.

But to day, with his great gift for drawing, he had sketched it more elaborately; he had become more absorbed in it, insomuch that he did not notice that the master's eye was upon him, nor that he had risen from his seat and was close to him before he could efface the sketch.

"So this is the way you spend your time at school, Leslie—in drawing caricatures?"

John Leslie went red and white. The choking feeling came, but he made a great effort.

"If you please, sir, it isn't a caricature—it did happen—I was a coward. I copied the sum; Walters did not. He wouldn't tell of me, so he was caned; and I've been trying to be braver. Will you cane me now, sir."

And the thin delicate hand was put out.

But the master was gazing upon the slate, and every moment growing more and more surprised at the sketch before him.

"I will take the caning now, sir," said John Leslie in a tremulous voice.

"I'll see to it," said the master, taking the slate and paying no heed to John Leslie's speech.

And he did see to it. John Leslie was not caned.

And the governors of the school gave him the advantages necessary to carry on his education for an artist.

"It's all through you, Jim," said John Leslie to his friend. "If you hadn't stood by the poor coward, and taken the caning, I should never have made that drawing. If I ever am an artist, the first picture I paint shall be of you and me at school, and the poor frightened fellow who could not do his sums shall be peeping at his brave friend's slate. And we'll be friends for ever and ever, Jim, for you will have made a man of me."

THE SPEAKING CHIPS.—The Rev. J. Williams, in the "Narrative of Missionary Enterprise," gives the following interesting anecdote—

"In the erection of this chapel (at Rarotonga, in the South Sea), a striking instance occurred of the feelings of an untaught people, when observing, for the first time, the effects of written communications. As I had come to work one morning without my square, I took up a chip, and, with a piece of charcoal, wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send me that article. I called a chief, who was superintending his portion of the work, and said to him—

"'Friend, take this, go to our house, and give it to Mrs. Williams.'

"He was a singular-looking man, remarkably quick in his movements, and had been a warrior; but in one of the numerous battles he had fought he had lost an eye, and, giving me an inexpressible look with the other he said—

"'Take that! She will call me a fool, and scold me, if I carry a chip to her.'

"'No,' I replied, 'she will not; take it, and go immediately, for I am in haste.'

"Perceiving me to be in earnest, he took it and asked—

"'What must I say?'

"I replied—

"'You have nothing to say; the chip will say all I wish.'

"With a look of astonishment and contempt, he held up the piece of wood, and said—

"'How can this speak? Has it got a mouth?'

"I desired him to take it immediately, and not spend so much time in talking about it. On arriving at the house, he gave it to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool-chest, whither the chief, resolving to see the result of this mysterious proceeding, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her he said—

"'Stay, daughter; how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?'

"'Why,' she replied, 'did you not give me a chip just now?'

"'Yes,' said the astonished warrior; 'but I did not hear it say anything.'

"'If you did not, I did,' was the reply; 'for it made known to me what he wanted, and all you have to do is to return as fast as possible.'

"With this the chief leaped out of the house, and, catching up the mysterious piece of wood, ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arm would reach, and shouting as he went—

"'See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk! they can make chips talk!'

"On giving me the square, he wished to know how it was possible thus to converse with persons at a distance.

"I gave him all the information in my power; but it was a circumstance involved in so much mystery that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it round his neck, and wore it for some time.

"During several following days, we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with intense interest while he narrated the wonders which the chip had performed."

THEY dig potatoes by steam now, tossing out 800 barrels a day.

YOUTH.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Youth is the vision of a morn
  That flies the coming day;
It is the blossom on the thorn,
  Which wild winds sweep away.

It is the image of the sky
  In glassy water seen,
When not a cloud appears to fly
  Across the blue serene.

But, when the waves begin to roar
  And lift their foaming head,
The morning stars appear no more
  And all the heaven is fled.

'Tis fleeting as the passing rays
  Of bright electric fire
That flash about with sudden blaze,
  And in that blaze expire.

It is the morning's gentle gale,
  That as it swiftly blows
Scarce seems to sigh across the vale
  Or bend the blushing rose.

But soon the gathering tempests roar
  And all the sky deform:
The gale becomes the whirlwind's roar,
  The sigh an angry storm.

For Care, and Sorrow's morbid gloom,
  And heart-corroding Strife,
And Weakness, pointing to the tomb,
  Await the Noon of Life.

THE RIVER HORSE.

"Stern all!" suddenly shouted the mate, as our boat brought up, "all standing," against some object which we had not been able to see on account of the murkiness of the water, the collision nearly throwing us down into the bottom of the boat.

We were going ashore for a few hours at the Bazaseta Islands when this happened. As we backed off, an enormous beast slowly raised his head above the water, gave a loud snort, and went down again, almost before we could get a fair look at it.

"What is it?" was now the question, which no one could answer.

"Whatever it is," said the mate, whose whaling mood was up, "if it comes within reach of my iron, I'll make fast to it; so pull ahead."

We were again under headway, keeping a bright look-out for the re-appearance of the stranger.

"There they are, a whole school!" said the mate, eagerly, pointing in shore, where the glistening of white water showed that a number of the nondescripts were evidently enjoying themselves. "Now, boys, pull hard, and we'll soon try their mettle."

"There's something just ahead," said the boat steerer.

"Pull easy, lads. I see him. There—way enough—there's his back; it's a hippopotamus!"

"Stern all!" he shouted, as he darted his iron into a back as broad as a small sperm whale's. "Stern all! Back water—back water, every man!"

And the infuriated beast made desperate lunges in every direction, making the foam fly in sprays.

We could now see the whole shape of the creature, as, in agony and surprise, he raised himself high above the surface. We all recognized at once the hippopotamus, as he is represented in books of natural history.

Our subject soon got a little cooler, and, giving a savage roar, bent his head around as he seized the shank of the iron between his teeth, he drew it out of his bleeding quarter, and sank to the bottom, a line of blood showing us the direction in which he traveled.

"Give me another iron, Charley, and we'll not give him a chance to pull it out next time."

The iron was handed up, and we slowly sailed in the direction which our prize was following along the bottom.

"Here's two or three of them astern of us," said the steerer.

Just then two more rose, one on either side of the boat, in rather unpleasant proximity; and before we had begun to realize our situation, the wounded beast came up to breathe just ahead of us."

"Pull ahead a little—now stern all!" and the iron was planted deep in the neck of our victim.

With a terrific roar, the animal made for the boat.

"Back water—back water, I say! Take down this boat-sail, and stern all—stern all, for your lives!" as two more appeared by the bows, evidently prepared to assist their comrade.

He was making the water fly in all directions, and, having failed to reach the boat, was now vainly essaying to grasp the iron.

"Stick out line till we get clear of the school, and then we'll pull up on the other side of this fellow, and I'll settle him with a lance!"

This was done; and as we again hauled upon the still furious beast, the mate poised his bright lance for a moment, then sent it deep into his heart.

With a tremendous roar and a desperate final struggle of scarcely a minute's duration, our prize gave up the ghost, and, after sinking momentarily, rose again to the surface, lying upon his side, just as a whale does when he dies.

On getting it ashore, we found our prize to be a few inches less than fifteen feet long, from his head to the commencement of his short, hairless tail. We could not measure his girth, but his bulk was enormous.

His legs were disproportionately short, giving him, conjointly with his short neck and very large head, an awkward, stolid appearance, which the agility he displayed in the water by no means justified.

We had not been very long on shore, when several natives made their appearance. They testified much joy at the sight of our prize, and went through the most lively pantomime, from which we gathered that the beasts were a great plague to them, that the meat was good to eat, and that they would like a portion. The hint was not lost upon us, not having tasted fresh beef for two months.

"What do you say, boys; will you try a piece of hippopotamus steak?" proposed the mate.

As no one dissented, we got the axes, and after considerable chopping and hacking, got off the head, when we were able to cut ourselves about twenty-five pounds of what appeared to be tender meat, off the animal's fore quarter.

Our steaks were cooked for supper, and whether it was that we were blessed with unusually good appetites, or that the meat was actually well flavored, certain it is that they tasted delicious, and that we ate heartily of them.

—BUCKLAND.

Grains of Gold.

Nature is to the mind what heaven is to the soul.

To be very greedy of praise proves that we are poor in merit.

Extreme vanity sometimes hides under the garb of ultra-modesty.

Partial culture runs to the ornate; extreme culture to simplicity.

It is better to do the idlest thing in the world than to sit idle for half an hour.

Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolves.

To persons who have taken a prejudice, every word is misunderstood, every look offends.

The praise of others may be of use in teaching us, not what we are, but what we ought to be.

No one, large or small, should be allowed to exhibit a peevish ill-nature, either by word or deed.

There are men who, by long consulting only their own inclination, have forgotten that others have a claim to the same deference.

Punctuality is one of the modes by which we testify our personal respect for those whom we are called upon to meet in the business of life.

The cause why adornment of the body is so much esteemed, is the respect the world taketh of the outward appearance, and neglect of the inward excellence.

There is a respect due to age, but there is also a respect due to youth, the lack of which accounts for many a failure in the household and in systems of education.

Though reason is not to be relied upon as universally sufficient to direct us what to do, yet it is generally to be relied upon and obeyed, when it tells us what we ought not to do.

Life should be our great and only regard; for the first office of wisdom is to give things their due valuation, to estimate aright how much they are worth; and the second is to treat them according to their worthiness.

The wit of conversation consists more in finding it in others than in showing a great deal yourself; he who goes from your conversation pleased with himself and his own wit, is perfectly well satisfied with you.

Home is the first and most important school of character. It is mainly in the home, and by the mother, that the heart is opened, the intellect awakened, the habits formed, and the character moulded for good or evil.

There is a sublimity in patience. To do a thing, and, when needed, to keep doing it, to wait for the desired end, not sluggishly, but diligently, if necessary, not despondingly, but ever with a brave hope—this is grand character.

Femininities.

Great Britain has 700,000 more females than males.

There is an old lady living in Alpathe, Ga., who was scalped by an Indian during the Seminole war forty years ago.

Dio Lewis says that wearing large, thick, heavy boots and blue hand-knit stockings will improve a woman's complexion.

"Dipped into a weak solution of accomplishments," is the term now applied to girls professing to be "so highly educated."

There is a bracelet set round with rose diamonds, the glittering circlet terminating with a clover leaf of different-colored pearls.

The women of Siam have petitioned the king to take from their husbands the right to pledge them for the payment of gambling debts.

Miss Burt, the young Illinois woman who was raised from her deathbed by prayer, has eloped with pastor Kent, leaving a wife and four children.

Three or four French duchesses and countesses have issued an edict that knee-breeches and silk stockings are to supersede trousers for the young men who attend their balls.

A well-known society young man of San Francisco has been collecting gloves in a new fashion. To each lady acquaintance who gives him a right-hand glove he presents a new pair.

The courtship of Miss Margaret May, of Newman, Ga., and Mr. Goldsmith, now of Texas, was continued twenty years to end at last in the merry tintinnabulation of wedding bells.

A Virginia girl who advertised for a husband in a Dakota paper has received 113 letters in reply, and the postmaster's salary at that place has been raised on account of the new business.

"The Female School of Art." We see this advertised frequently. What does it mean?—it sounds dangerous. They've art enough of their own; why give them more? Who are the professors?

Hazel eyes are believed to be more subject to disease than those of other colors, from the fact that the opticians report a greater demand for hazel-tinted artificial eyes than for any other variety.

The triplets born at New London, Conn., a few weeks ago, look so much alike that the mother, in order to tell them apart, has found it necessary to attach different-colored ribbons to the neck of each child.

A woman attempted suicide by drowning, in Windsor, Vt., recently, but the temperature of the water caused her to change her mind, and she succeeded in reaching shore in a decidedly exhausted condition.

A Newark, N. J., woman who stooped to pat on the head a small white dog that was moaning in the gutter, ten weeks ago, and was suddenly bitten on the hand by the animal, died of hydrophobia the other day.

First lady (to bosom friend)—"That dress suits you admirably; what a pity the material is so common!" Second lady—"True; and as yours is of splendid material, you must be sorry it does not fit you better."

It is said of Esther Harris, after whose husband Harrisburg was named, that she would box the ears of unruly men, and that she carried her baby boy, John, in her arms all the way to this city, that he might be baptized in Christ Church.

A ponderous joker in a medical journal has demonstrated, as plain as a problem of Euclid, the reason why women do not whistle. But they do. Many a time and oft loes the wife of one's bosom, when she wants a new bonnet, have to "whistle" for it.

A poetess weighing 160 pounds writes to us, yearning to "twitter as a bird on some lone sprig." When she gets on the sprig and begins to twitter there will be an item for the local papers, unless the sprig is as thick as an underground gas-pipe.

"Madam," observed the dry goods clerk, "these goods are warranted all wool." "I have heard that they are half cotton." "You must not believe everything you hear, madam," returned the clerk. "I do not, sir," replied the lady; "I've been married twice."

The greater longevity of women, as compared with that of men, appears to be well borne out by the statistics of every country that have yet been examined. This shows that, after all, it is not silk dresses, heavy skirts and thin shoes that kill. It is paying for them.

A Tuckerton, Pa., woman died a few days ago from lockjaw, caused by a splinter of wood which entered her thumb under the nail. The wood had been removed and the wound healed, but the finger became inflamed and a severe pain set in, that continued until death came.

A velvet dog-collar with a padlock in gold, and jeweled, is one of the latest freaks of fashion for young ladies. The velvet band is about an inch and a half wide, and is worn close around the throat: the padlock is in form of a pendant, and is hung on the velvet in front.

Sheridan said, beautifully: "Women govern us: let us render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the minds of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men."

A late judge, whose personal appearance was as unprepossessing as his legal knowledge was profound, and his intellect keen, interrupted a female witness: "Humbugged you, my good woman! What do you mean by that?" said he, sternly. "Well, your honor," replied the woman, "I don't know how to explain it exactly; but if a girl called you a handsome man, why she would be humbugging you."

A little four year-old girl was put to bed in the third story of her home, and left, as usual, in the dark. A terrific thunder-storm came up, and her mother, thinking the child would be frightened at the lightning, went to her. On entering, the child called out with delight: "Mamma! the wind blew the sun up just now—did you see it?" Fear had no entrance there.

Masculinities.

Beauty has been called "the wise man's bonfire, and the fool's furnace."

A polite way of dunning a delinquent is to send him a bouquet of forget-me-nots.

He travels safely, and not unpleasantly, who is guarded by poverty, and guided by love.

He that ascends a ladder, must take the lowest round. All who are above now were once below.

In the German universities there are now 197 professors between 80 and 90, of whom 122 continue to give lectures.

Young men are apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are apt to think themselves sober enough.

When finally you decide that you don't know much, the sooner you stop talking, sit down and look wise, the better.

It is said that from the Governor of Georgia down to his messenger, every officer in his department is a Prohibitionist.

Disinterested generosity was conspicuous in the case of the girl who raised a subscription for a letter-carrier and then married him.

Smoking at funerals, or in funeral processions, is a practice that has caused Birmingham, Conn., citizens to organize for its suppression.

Young men who aspire to be the glass of exact fashion do not button the lowest fastening of their waistcoats, and wear their trousers creased.

A Chicago physician recently poisoned one of his patients by mistake. After the funeral the kind-hearted doctor considerately threw off half his bill.

If you would know a true-hearted woman, look right into her eyes. If she is deceptive she cannot look into yours.—EX. Don't you believe half of it.

A foreign despatch speaks of a "converted butcher." We presume a converted butcher is one who doesn't weigh bones and fat in with his meats.

An old farmer living near Indianapolis, Ind., has just lost his fourth wife. The first three died, and the latest has eloped with the old man's bachelor son.

General Butler has secured the services of several good readers, who are placed on little platforms in different parts of his mills, and read to the operatives as they work.

One of the grounds on which a Detroit, Mich., man seeks a divorce, is that his wife gathers paving-blocks and nearly fills the house with them. He attributes this to her miserly disposition.

"That's a handsome suit you have on," remarked Jones, admiring the new winter suit of his hard-up friend. "Yes, it's a right nobby suit." "How much did it cost?" "I don't know—haven't been sued for it yet."

In the middle ages, in France, a person convicted of being a calumniator was condemned to place himself on all-fours and bark like a dog for a quarter of an hour. If this custom was adopted at the present day there would be a wonderful sight of bow-wowing.

"Ah! you know you've no musical enthusiasm! You don't know what it is," said a rhapsodist on music to Hood. "Oh, yes I do," he replied. "It's like turtle soup—for every pint of real you meet with gallons of mock, with calves' head in proportion.

When the King of Portugal was in England, Queen Victoria presented Edwin Landseer to to his Majesty, as a painter whose works she had been collecting. "Ah, Sir Edwin," exclaimed the king, "delighted to make your acquaintance. I was always very fond of beasts!"

"Of the wealth of the world," says a financial statistician, "$730,000,000 are owned by four men, as follows: Mackay, $275,000,000; Rothschild, $200,000,000; Vanderbilt, $175,000,000; and the Duke of Westminster $40,000,000. Their income per minute is $25, $20, $18, and $7, respectively."

A young gentleman from the provinces went into the shop of a Paris tailor the other day to order some clothes. While his measure was being taken, he said to the artist: "You must find that I am very badly dressed?" "Oh, no; you are not dressed at all; you are simply covered."

He—"It's a polka, but we can waltz to it." She—"Oh, not for worlds; I hate waltzing to a polka; besides, I adore the polka step?" He—"Very sorry—I—a—never dance the polka; but we can sit out this dance, if you like—and I will talk to you." She—"Oh, good gracious, no! Let us dance it any way you like."

One of those peculiar practical jokers turned up recently in Americus, Ga., and, upon his advice that it would deaden the pain, a young man suffering from ear-ache inserted a piece of cotton wool saturated with glue in his ear. The glue got cold, and it became necessary to call in a physician to extract the cotton.

It is not likely we will ever heartily adopt the foreign habit of wearing medals for decorations. The blue ribbon certainly has broken the ice, but the fashion is not likely to go beyond that. Now a lady is anxious to add to the assertion of opinion by proposing that all unmarried men shall wear a little bit of white ribbon in their button-holes when they are paying visits.

Young man, who has just been dreadfully bored at an evening party by hearing someone sing, speaks to young lady by his side: "Do you sing?" "Oh, yes! but only for my own amusement. I never sing before company." "How nice!" Young lady, who expected to be pressed to contribute to the entertainment of the company, and who had brought her music with her, by the way, looks what she would like to speak.

Fair caller—"You see I want to work Mr. B. a pair of slippers, and I thought you might lend me one of his old shoes to get the size." Rector's housekeeper: "Law, miss, the shoes is all given out four days ago; and it was only yesterday morning that a lady as had heard his shoes was all bespoke came here a-imploring of me to let her measure the wet marks in the reverend gentleman's bath-room immejiately he had gone out."

Recent Book Issues.

"Hunted Down, a Mystery Solved," by Max Hillary, 12mo., illustrated paper cover. Price, 25 cents. This is a delightfully told story, interesting to the last degree, and overflowing with witty and humorous sayings. As a thrilling romance, it ranks among the best. A. N. Marquis & Co., Publishers, Chicago, Ill. For sale by Porter & Coates, this city.

A collection of poems that have more than ordinary merit to recommend them is "The Two Voices" poems of the mountains and the sea. They have been selected with exquisite taste by John W. Chadwick. Every author of note in the language is represented, and the two themes are as infinitely and beautifully varied in the contents as they are in fact. Mr. Chadwick has done lovers of poetry an inestimable service in placing so many gems of composition within easy reach. Price $1.00. H. B. Nims & Co, Publishers, Troy, N. Y.

An elegant holiday gift is a series of twelve dainty lithographic designs with verses by J. W. Chadwick illustrating the "Birth and Triumph of Cupid," the twelve pages of text in monotint. The originals from which the Cupid designs were taken were published in London forty years ago, in a series of exquisite steel engravings. Small quarto with lithographic cover, tied with silk cord in neat box, $1.00; special bindings in fancy leather, $3.00. Almost equally attractive is "A Calendar of the Year" with verses by Austin Dobson. This consists of twelve lithographic pages, illustrative of each month of the year. Each page a gem. With exquisite lithographic cover. Small quarto, tied with silk cord, in neat box, $1.25. Published by H. B. Nims & Co., Troy, N. Y.

The fancy calendar idea seems to be infinitely varying. H. B. Nims & Co., Troy, N. Y., forwards one for 1883 entitled the "Souhler." It is somewhat fan-shaped, containing a pretty landscape, flowers, and portraits of the German poet, his leading characters, and verses from his works for every day in the year. It is altogether one of the prettiest we have yet seen.

The admirers of Ouida as a novelist may be said to be co-extensive almost with the English language. This numerous class therefore will hail with pleasure the advent of her latest production "Othmar." It is unnecessary to say that it is excellent in all the requirements of an interesting story. In all the works of this famous writer there is a strong spirit of originality, and this trait is certainly not wanting in the volume at hand. Paper covers. Price 40 cents. Published by Lippincott & Co.

Nothing is more acceptable to the average boy or girl as a Christmas remembrance than a good book specially gotten up, as it were, for them, and "Young Folks Queries," is as interesting and valuable a volume for the purpose as could well be asked for. In the form of a story, and in the most simple and instructive manner, it give a history of every day objects about which children and even older folks will wonder at knowing so little, where so much that is wonderful, attractive and useful is to be learned. Magnificently illustrated, and printed. Price $2.00, Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

"Here and There in Our Own Country," is a book for the season embracing sketches of travel and descriptions of places, etc., in the United States by some of the leading writers of the day. Among them are: On the French Broad; Catskill and the Catskill Region; Among Florida Lakes; Stratford on the Sound; Canoeing on the High Mississippi; A Chapter of American Exploration; The Ruins of the Colorado Valley; An Historical Rocky Mountain Outpost: Leadville; Housekeeping in Texas; A Visit to the Shrines of Old Virginia, etc. These graphic word paintings are further illustrated by 127 fine engravings. A good book and far more valuably entertaining than hundreds devoted to scenes and matters abroad. Price $2.50. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

"Anecdotes of General Grant," is a compilation from the best sources of notable instances in the life of the famous soldier. Many of them are new and all good. The one hundred and fourteen pages of the book are just so many lessons in the traits that made Grant what he was. Price 25 cents. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

"Epitome of Diseases of the Skin," is an abstract of a course of lectures delivered at the University of Pennsylvania, by L. A. Duhring, M. D., of this city. It is a valuable little work and contains the gist of many larger volumes on the subject. Price 60 cents. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Quiver for December, the first of a new volume, begins a series on, Famous Pictures and the Lessons They Teach; a very good illustration of Sir Joshua Reynold's Infant Samuel accompanying the article. Two new and promising serials are commenced—The Heir of Sandford Towers, and Oliver Langton's Ward—and there are a couple of short stories. Other interesting and instructive contributions are: Out With the Deep Sea Trawlers; Voices in the Night, by Rev. W. M. Strattton, Old Anthony's Treasures, a character sketch; Boughs, Birds and Bolfries, A Husband and Wife Mutual Improvement Society, by Rev. E. J. Hardy; Ways of Pleasantness; Scripture Lessons; Eve and Her Daughters; The Love of Show; several poems, a piece of music, and some good reading in the Short Arrows department. The number is generously illustrated. $1.50 a year. Cassell & Co., Publishers, New York.

The principal articles in *The Popular Science Monthly* for December, are, as is usually the case in that excellent magazine, marked by the vigor of their thought, and the honesty with which they appeal to the intelligence of readers. The opening article, by the Count Goblet d'Alviella, on The Scientific Study of Religions, defines what are the essentials of such a study, and analyzes candidly and without a tinge of controversialism, a number of prejudices or prepossessions, religious, and theoretical, that must be absent from it if it is to be real and effective. Chas. P. Howard explains—readably, and with the help of beautiful illustrations—the principle of The Refracting Telescope, with especial reference to its adaptation to the peculiar properties of undulatory light. Similarly strong are: Postal Saving Banks, Neuter Insects: Relations of Science to the Public; The Uniformity of Nature and other articles covering a wide range of important subjects. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Volume XXX of that peerless monthly *The Century* comprising the numbers from May to October of this year, is issued in a handsome binding of old gold cloth, with a design specially prepared for it. This is in many respects the most notable volume of this admirable periodical. It contains 972 pages, 370 illustrations, of which 23 are full-page pictures, a continuation from the previous volume of the now famous, Battles and Leaders of the Civil War papers; the General Grant papers; the interesting account of the New Orleans Exposition; Mr. Howells' Italian papers, and a large instalment of fine fiction, poetry, articles on Travel and Adventure, Art, Biographical Sketches, Special Papers on Timely Subjects, Miscellaneous Articles, and other features dealing profusely and interestingly with topics of current interest. The magazine was never more useful and more prosperous than at present, and never more completely deserved its prosperity. Published by the Century Company New York.

Volume XII. of *St. Nicholas* which certainly stands at the head of all magazines for young readers, published in this or any other country, has been published in two bound volumes; part one consisting of the issue from November, 1884, to April, 1885, and part two from May to October of this year. Upon the merits of this admirable juvenile magazine, which enjoys an equal fame and popularity on both sides of the Atlantic, it is not necessary to dwell at this late date. It is conceded in all directions that never were greater pains taken to entertain and instruct the young than have been taken by the the managers of this periodical, and that never was more flattering success achieved in that connection. The two parts are beautifully bound in red and gold with handsome cover linings, and contain 960 pages, 650 illustrations (including colored frontispiece and 28 full-page pictures). For a Christmas present for a boy or girl nothing could hardly be more beautiful or acceptable. Published by the Century Company, New York.

The North American Review for December may be called an historical number, both from its topics and its contributors. It opens with an article by Colonel Fred Grant, entitled Hallock's Injustice to Grant. Gov. Leland of Texas describes the progress of that State. "Motley and Monarch" is a prose poem on Lincoln, by Colonel Ingersoll. "Rome and the Inquisitions" is a learned Catholic defence of the charge of cruelty against these ecclesiastical tribunals—outside of Spain. Gen. Fry, in his Acquaintance with Grant, describes the cadet life of the future General of the Army, and vindicates Gen. Fitz-John Porter. S. Dana Horton gives a rejoinder to the November number. Israel Green, the lieutenant who struck John Brown in the face with his saber after he was down, tells his version of the Harper's Ferry affair. Senator Boutwell and Gen. Rosecrans contribute two articles—on Johnson's plot and on Grant's mistakes, which are too important to discuss in a paragraph. Mr. Rice, the editor, contributes the closing article on A Disfranchised People, which, he claims, the citizens of Delaware are. Price 50 cents per number.

Lippincott's Magazine for December opens with a description of a Tobacco-Plantation in Virginia, written evidently with ample knowledge of all the details of the subject. In Scenes of Charlotte Bronte's Life in Brussels, Dr. Theo. Wolfe gives a deeply interesting account of a recent visit to the Pensionnat Heger. Cookham Dean, by Margaret Bertha Wright, is a very amusing sketch of artist life at a favorite resort on the Upper Thames. Birds of a Texan Winter, by Edward C. Bruce, is agreeable and suggestive reading. To many persons the most attractive article in the number will be the Letters and Reminiscences of Charles Reade, by K. Cornwallis, the letters, relating chiefly to the novelist's own works and his connection with various publishers, being lively and highly characteristic. New York Libraries, by C. B. Todd, contains a mass of information that cannot fail to prove of use to those whom it concerns. There are several short papers and stories that do not require to be specified, but a farce entitled, The Substitute, by James Payn, the English novelist and essayist, seems well adaped to amateur theatricals. Commencing with the New Year, this popular Magazine will be reduced in price to $2.00 per annum, and other important changes will be inaugurated. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, this city.

THE most reliable article in use for restoring gray hair to its original color and promoting its growth, is Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

SWEETHEARTING.

NOTHING is easier than to dream of a Sweetheart. Only put a piece of wedding-cake under your pillow, and your wish will be gratified. If you are in doubt between two or three lovers, which you should choose, let a friend write their names on the paper in which the cake is wrapped, sleep on it yourself as before for three consecutive nights, and if you should then happen to dream of one of the names therein written, you are certain to marry him. In Hull, folk-lore somewhat varies the receipt.

Take the blade-bone of a rabbit, stick nine pins in it, and then put it under your pillow, when you will be sure to see the object of your affections.

At Burnley, during a marriage-feast, a wedding-ring is put into a posset, and after serving it out, the unmarried person whose cup contains the ring will be the first of the company to be married.

Sometimes, too, a cake is made into which a wedding ring and a sixpence are put. When the company are about to retire, the cake is broken and distributed among the unmarried ladies.

She who finds the ring in her portion of the cake will shortly be married, but she who gets the sixpence will infallibly die an old maid.

Perhaps your affections are still disengaged, but you wish to bestow them on one who will return like for like.

In this case there are plenty of wishing-chairs, wishing-gates, and so forth, scattered through the country.

If you see a piece of old iron or a horse-shoe on your path, take it up, spit on it, and throw it over your left shoulder, framing a wish at the same time. Keep this wish a secret, and it will come to pass in due time.

If you meet a piebald horse, nothing can be more lucky; utter your wish, and whatever it may be, you will have it before the week be out.

In Cleveland, the following method of divining whether a girl will be married or not is resorted to. Take a cup of water from a stream which runs southward; borrow the wedding-ring of some gudwife and suspend it by a hair of your head over the glass of water, holding the hair between the finger and thumb.

If the ring hit against the side of the glass, the holder will die an old maid; if it turn quickly round, she will be married once; if slowly twice.

Should the ring strike the side of the glass more than three times after the holder has pronounced the name of her lover, there will be a lengthy courtship and nothing more; if less frequently, the affair will be broken off, and if there is no striking at all it will never come off.

Or if you look at the first new moon of the year through a silk handkerchief which has never been washed, as many moons as you see through it (the threads multiplying the vision), so many years must pass before your marriage.

Would you ascertain the color of your future husband's hair? Follow the practice of the German girls. Between the hours of eleven and twelve at night on St. Andrew's Eve a maiden must stand at the house door, take hold of the latch, and say three times, "Gentle love, if thou lovest me, show thyself." She must then open the door quickly, and make a rapid grasp through it into the darkness, when she will find in her hand a lock of her future husband's hair.

RATHER COOL.—Some time ago a man lent an umbrella to a friend, a tradesman in his street, on a wet, nasty day. It was not returned, and on another wet, disagreeable day he called for it, but found his friend at the door, going out with it in his hand.

"I've come for my umbrella!" exclaimed the lender.

"Can't help that!" replied the borrower; "don't you see that I am going out with it?"

"Well, yes," said the lender, astonished at such outrageous impudence; "yes, but—but—but what am I to do?"

"Do!" replied the other, as he threw up the top and walked off; "do as I did—borrow one!"

Politics Too Much For Him.

A lady on Fifth Avenue, New York, quickly summoned a doctor:

"Oh, doctor, my husband is nearly dead. He attended a caucus last night. He made four speeches and promised to be with his fellow citizens again to-day. But oh, doctor he looks nearly dead."

"Has he been in politics long?"

"No, only last year. He worked hard for *James McCaulay's election."

"He will get well, madam! He has a stomach for any disease, if he worked for him!"

Political life, of short or long duration, is very exhausting, as is evident from the great mortality which prevails among public men. Ex. U. S. Senator B. K. Bruce, who has been long in public life, says:

"The other day, when stepping into a car at a crossing, I found Dr. —— within, who eyed me up and down in a surprised way, remarking:

"'Why, Senator, how well you look!'

"'Well, I feel pretty well,' I answered."

The doctor uttered an incredulous reply, when the Senator frankly told him, in answer to an inquiry, that it was Warner's safe cure which accomplished for him what the profession had failed to do. Senator Bruce says his friends are very much astonished at this revelation of power.—*The Globe.*

*Overwhelmingly Defeated.

Facetiæ.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

Upon the garden-gate they swung,
When nights were warm and fair,
And pale Diana often flung
Her light upon the pair.

To-night among the leafless trees
The winter wind makes moan,
The gate is swinging in the breeze,
Its rusty hinges groan.

And where are now the youth so gay,
And maiden dressed in lawn—
Oh, whither do their footsteps stray,
Where have the lovers gone?

Go to the parlor warm—go there,
And ask, if you would know,
The double-seated rocking-chair,
That lamp turned down so low.

—U. N. NONE.

A swell affair—The soap-bubble.

On the mend—The thread and the patch.

Beats the world—The impecunious tramp.

An artist in black—A designing widow.

Makes money hand over fist—The sculptor.

Order of the Bath—Soap and towels for one.

The immediate delivery system—Your money or your life.

Alive and kicking—The man who didn't get the postoffice he was after.

Speaking of coincidences, it is worthy of remark that miss, kiss and bliss rhyme felicitously.

The head of a Turk in Bulgaria is said to be worth $500. We infer this is to the Bulgarian Government. It is probably worth more than that to its owner.

There is no great difference between the average young lady possessed of a musical education and the squeaking toy. They both have to be pressed to sing.

Young Men!--Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to those afflicted with nervous debility, and all kindred troubles. Also very efficient for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

"Maryland, My Maryland."

"Pretty Wives,
Lovely daughters and noble men."

"My farm lies in a rather low and miasmatic situation, and

"My wife!"

"Who?"

"Was a very pretty blonde!"

Twenty years ago, became

"Sallow!"

"Hollow-eyed!"

"Withered and aged!"

Before her time, from

"Malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasiness.

"A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl upon recovery had

"Lost!"

"Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new-blown daisy. Well, the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her old-time beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this county, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Hop Bitters to thank for it.

"The dear creature just looked over my shoulder, and says, 'I can flatter equal to the days of our courtship,' and that reminds me there might be *more pretty wives* if my brother farmers would do as I have done."

Hoping you may long be spared to do good, I thankfully remain,

C. L. JAMES,
BELTSVILLE, Prince George Co., Md.,
May 26th, 1883.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

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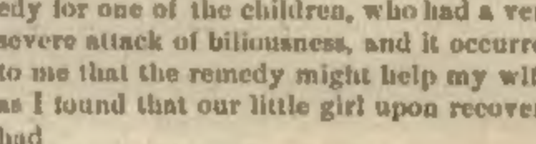

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Agents Wanted to sell our Jewelry to every man and boy in the U. S. $15 a week and expenses to agents. Send 15c. for sample casket, with full instructions and price list to agents.
ÆTNA M'F'G CO., Chester, Conn.

THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

"I HAVE seen Juggernaut," wrote Dr. Buchanan from India. "No record of ancient or modern history can give, I think, an adequate idea of this valley of death. The idol has been justly considered as the Moloch of the present age; for the sacrifices offered to him, by self-devotement, are not less criminal, perhaps no less numerous, than those of the Molochs of Canaan. As other temples are usually adorned with figures emblematical of their religion, so Juggernaut has representations, numerous and varied, of that vice which constitutes the essence of his worship.

"The walls and gates are covered with indecent emblems in massive and durable sculpture. I have also visited the sand-plains by the sea, in some places whitened with the bones of the pilgrims; and another place, near the town, called by the English the Golgotha, where the dead bodies are cast, and where dogs and vultures are ever seen.

"I have witnessed a scene which I shall never forget. The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous car or tower, about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels which indented the ground deeply as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six cables, of the size and length of a ship's cable, by which the people drew it along.

"Thousands of men, women, and children pulled by each cable; infants are made to exert their strength in this office, for it is accounted a merit of righteousness to move the god.

"Upon the tower were the priests and satellites of the idol, surrounding his throne; there were about one hundred and twenty persons in the car altogether.

"The idol is a block of wood having a frightful visage, painted black, with a distended mouth of a bloody color; his arms are of gold, and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel.

"Five elephants preceded, bearing towering flags, dressed in crimson caparisons, and having bells hanging to them. When the worship of the god began, a high priest mounted the car and pronounced obscene stanzas in the ears of the people.

"A boy was then brought forth, to attempt something yet more lascivious, who exhibited such gestures that the god was pleased; and the multitude, emitting a sensual yell of delight, urged the car along. An aged minister of the idol then stood up, and, with indecent action, completed this disgusting exhibition. I felt a consciousness of doing wrong in witnessing it. I was appalled at the magnitude and horror of the spectacle.

"The characteristics of Moloch's worship are obscenity and blood.

"After the tower had proceeded some way a pilgrim was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the idol: he laid himself down in the road, before the tower as it was moving along, on his face, with his arms stretched forwards.

"The multitude passed around him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower.

"A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to smile when the liberation of blood is made.

"The people threw money on the body of the victim, in approbation of the deed. He was left in view for some time, and then carried to the Golgotha, where I have just seen him.

"These sacrifices are not confined to Juggernaut.

"At Ishera, eight miles from Calcutta, once the residence of Governor Hastings, is a temple of the same idol.

"The tower here is drawn along, like that of Juggernaut, by cables. The number of worshippers at this festival is computed to be about one hundred thousand. The tower is covered with indecent emblems, which were freshly painted for the occasion, and were the objects of sensual gaze by both sexes.

"One of the victims of this year was a well-made young man of healthy appearance and comely aspect.

"He had a garland of flowers round his neck, and his hair was dishevelled. He danced for a while before the idol, singing in an enthusiastic strain; and then, rushing suddenly on the wheels, he shed his blood under the tower of obscenity.

"Many of the pilgrims came from remote regions, with their wives and children, travelling slowly in the hottest season of the year; they are sometimes upward of two months on their journey.

"Many of the pilgrims die by the way, and their bodies generally remain unburied, so that the road to Juggernaut may be known for the last fifty miles by the human bones which are strewn in the way."

"WHY, Mary, what is the matter between you and Johnny Jones?" was asked of a pouting little girl at a recent party. "Why, he offered me a bite of candy after he had given Puss Smith one, and I don't bite after any other girl." When May grows to womanhood and reaches thirty, she will doubtless change her mind.

THE employment of women under ground is prohibited in Great Britain; but the British factory inspector reports that 4456 are at work in mining operations above ground.

THE popular verdict is generally the right one: and concerning Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup the people have long since decided that it is the best cough remedy ever introduced.

For Instant Use

As a reliable remedy, in cases of Croup, Whooping Cough, or sudden Colds, and for the prompt relief and cure of throat and lung diseases, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes: "I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy for home use. I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults." John H. Stoddard, Petersburg, Va., writes: "I have never found a medicine equal to

AYER'S
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for the prompt relief of throat and lung diseases peculiar to children. I consider it an absolute cure for all such affections, and am never without it in the house." Mrs. L. E. Herman, 137 Mercer st., Jersey City, writes: "I have always found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral useful in my family." B. T. Johnson, Mt. Savage, Md., writes: "For the speedy cure of sudden Colds, and for the relief of children afflicted with Croup, I have never found anything equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is the most potent of all the remedies I have ever used." W. H. Stickley, Terre Haute, Ind., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of a severe lung affection, supposed to be Quick Consumption. We now regard the Pectoral as a household necessity." E. M. Breckenridge, Brainerd, Minn., writes: "I am subject to Bronchitis, and, wherever I go, am always sure to have a bottle of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

with me. It is without a rival for the cure of bronchial affections."

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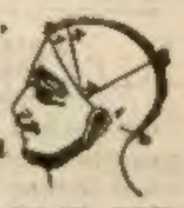

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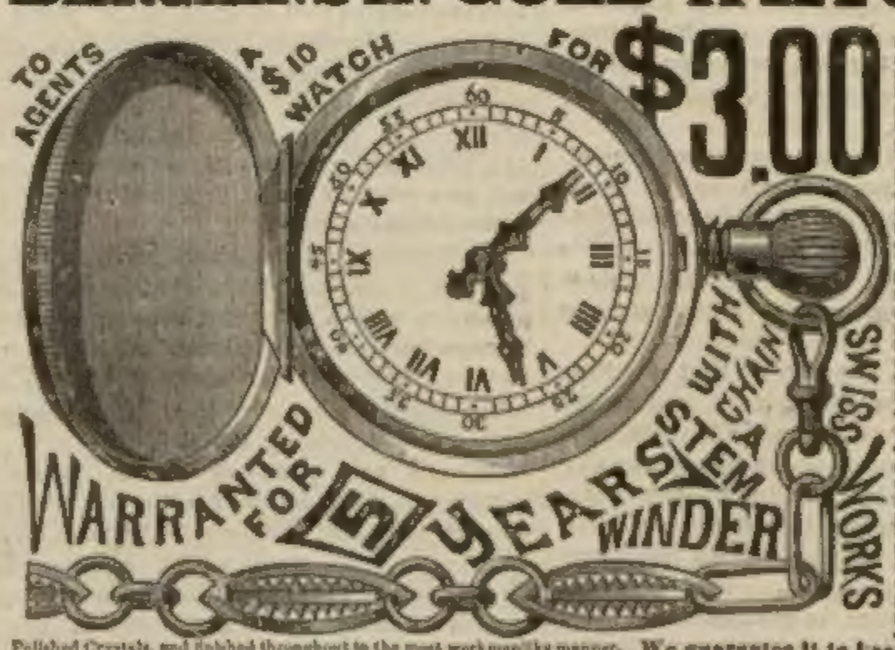

Though the failure of a large importer of Gold and Silver Swiss Watches there has come into our hands a large consignment including **2,000 Stem winding Aluminum Gold Swiss Watches**, like this illustration, which we shall offer **as a "leader"** for the next ninety days, **to secure agents** for our Solid Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, &c., in towns where we are not now represented. This is a regular **$10 watch** and will not be sent for the above price ($3.00) unless the person ordering it will show it to their friends and honestly endeavor to make sales from our **large illustrated catalogue of Watches and Jewelry** that we send with it. It is a **Great Aluminum** gold and will always wear bright and look fully as well as a $100 Solid Gold Watch. **The works are entirely new of Swiss manufacture, nicely jeweled** with finest French Polished Crystals, and finished throughout in the most workmanlike manner. **We guarantee it to keep excellent time** and give perfect satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded. Our only object in selling this watch at such a ridiculously low price is to secure agents for our Watches and Jewelry, and one watch sold in a town is sure to sell more. Send C. O. D. to examine if you like and if not with order.

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31 East 12th St.,
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Latest Fashion Phases.

Very slight alterations in the forms of capotes and hats are as yet perceptible; the capote is small, fitting the head closely, and either raised and open in front, or completed by a pleated ruche of velvet, which takes the place of a brim, or by a diadem brim covered with bouillonne velvet.

A description of one or two models in these styles will best give an idea of these very becoming chapeaux.

The first is in electric grey velvet; the crown of the capote is small and flat, and covered with pleated velvet simply turned under at the back without any further trimming.

Phe brim is a ruched pleating of electric velvet, full and raised in front, but flat at the sides; beneath this and resting on the hair is a second ruche of caroubier velvet, with a bow of caroubier satin ribbon nestling amongst the folds of the grey ruche; the strings are electric grey matching the velvet of which this ladylike model is composed.

A capote, with a low diadem-shaped brim, is covered with dark heliotrope velvet stretched on the frame; a folded band of velvet covers the brim, and is arranged in a knot in front; behind this is a kind of little nest of embroidered corn silk muslin, on which repose three white doves, very much smaller than nature, about the size of a slender canary. The strings, which cover the edge of the chapeau at the back, are of ottoman ribbon matching the velvet.

The third type, with a high, open brim, very pointed at the top, has the crown covered with bouillonne bronze velvet, with a plush surface; the brim is plain and lined with pale-pink satin, a row of bead trimming hiding the join of the two materials inside the edge of the brim. A rosette bow of pink satin ribbon in front, between the brim and the crown, is the only trimming. Birds are often employed for ornamenting these chapeaux in place of the ribbon rosette and groups of bows.

In hats, the chief novelties are the high-crowned models covered with silk jersey, or the same shape in smooth felt covered with a network of fine, strong silk, the color of the hat showing through the network.

These are trimmed with ornaments formed of wooden beads, or with bands of braid in Persian colors and designs interwoven with gold threads, or again with a drapery of velvet and group of small birds or one larger bird.

Long mantles of various shapes are already more numerous than small mantelets and visites; they are in redingote or pelisse form, and are finished off with a deep collar, a hood, or a pointed velvet plastron reaching to the waist of the back.

Sometimes it is the front that is thus ornamented instead of the back, and many mantles are made with wide revers, narrowing at the waist and then gradually widening out toward the edge of the vetement; these revers are fastened back with buttons which are always chosen of large size and handsome design.

The front, however, is not the only part that is ornamented, for many very elegant models have long-pointed side panels drawn in at the end and finished off with a tassel, or else tipped with richly embroidered passementerie motifs.

The same kind of arrangement is sometimes seen at the back also; the mantle is closed to the edge of the gathered skirt, and the back is finished off with long embroidered points fixed in a cup-shaped passementerie ornament; the points fall over the skirt, nearly concealing the upper part of it, and add a considerable degree of elegance to the mantle; long-pointed sleeves, drawn in or ornamented in the same way, are also very fashionable.

Moss-green, bronze, brown, and grey are the colors most in vogue; there is not much variety in the shades of moss and bronze, but brown and grey offer a large range of tones and tints, of which the most remarkable are the following:

Silver-grey, steel-grey, ostrich-grey, lead, dove-grey, and granite, besides several yellowish shades of grey, which are as nameless and indescribable as they are soft in tone, are the most popular shades in grey; the number of shades in brown is even more extensive, and includes the dark seal browns, the lighter tones of cigar and cinnamon brown, and a number of rich red shades taken from the nasturtium, and ranging from dull orange to dark red. This beautiful color is much used in velvet for trimming costumes of grey or beige woolen materials, and also in combination with figured materials in many colors, and with beige boucle fabrics; these last are very fashionable, and are so pretty that they are often made up without any trimming whatever, for although braids, pendants, passementerie, and tassels are very much employed with plain materials, they are scarcely ever used with boucle and other figured fabrics; the velvet is not to be reckoned as a trimming, as it is used for essential parts of the costume, and not merely for ornamentation.

Figured woolen materials, whether striped or chequered, are now more often used for the tunics than for the skirts of costumes, for which purpose velvet or velveteen is often chosen.

The tunic is generally opened on one side over a pleated panel of the velvet, and the jacket is also made of velvet with a plastron, chemisette, or revers of the chequered material; a plain velvet corsage, with a straight collar and paraments of chequered fabric, is sometimes substituted for the jacket.

A felt hat trimmed with velvet, matching the skirt and corsage, and a shaded paroquet, is the chapeau generally adopted with this style of costume.

The rich and heavy fabrics worn at present, whether in silk, wool or velvet, necessitate the adoption of long lines and flowing draperies; hence the frequent recurrence in all the new costumes of revers and panels, and of the long draperies which, apparently so simple in arrangement, demand in reality great skill in draping, and perfect cut.

The whole toilette needs to be carefully thought out.

Skirt, tunic and corsage must be carefully and scientifically adapted to each other from the beginning, for second thoughts are often worst, and not best, in this case, and the costume is either a thorough success or a complete failure, depending on the amount of sure taste and skill expended on it from the first.

The tunics of woolen costumes are untrimmed, that is to say, they are edged neither with lace, fringe, nor any other kind of made trimming.

Revers and borders of the second material used in the costumes are, however, perfectly admissible with certain forms of tunics, but these ornaments are shaped to follow some distinct line, and are not mere straight bands.

The draping is the chief point, and, if this is graceful and elegant, all is well; in the hands of a skilled couturiere, the ends and folds, that offer nothing but embarrassment to the inexperienced amateur, become ornamental appendages taking the form of a half-sash, a scarf end tipped with a tassel, or a pointed panel finished off with a passementerie motif.

Bodices are made short, with a slight point in front, but rounded at the back, and are worn with a waistband or edged with a narrow basque, or bordered with a row of loops; bodices for slender figures are often edged with a double row of loops, a pretty and becoming style.

Jackets are quite as much worn as bodices, and are adopted with the simplest as with the most dressy toilettes; the choice between a plain corsage with a chemisette or plastron, and an open jacket over a plain or full waistcoat, is, in fact, quite a matter of individual taste.

Although trimmings have attained an extraordinary degree of beauty and richness, many of the most stylish costumes are made without trimmings of any kind; such a toilette as the following would, indeed, be marred by the addition of any further ornamentation:

The skirt is of dove-grey plush, stripped diagonally with wide shaded bands in a darker tone than the ground of the material.

The tunic of rich silk ottoman falls like a redingote on one side, but is shorter and draped on the other side near the back drapery, which is arranged in irregular folds.

The corsage fastens in front over a plastron of striped plush, the stripes being arranged in vertical lines, and the back is finished off with a basque formed of loops.

Some woolen dresses are made throughout of the same material, especially when this is one of the boucle or hairy fabrics now in vogue; as a specimen we describe a costume for a young lady, made of a very dark-blue boucle woolen fabric, with fine threads of red running through it, but imperceptible until the material is closely examined.

Domestic Economy.

WORK FOR NIMBLE FINGERS.

Old Berlin woolwork is coming into fashion again, and chairs and cushions are being adorned with it.

The novelty is to work it so that both sides are alike. Crewel work, so easy and effective, has by no means had its day, but cross-stitch is possibly for the moment more in favor.

Nightgown cases in linen and even silk have borders of cross-stitch in delicate colorings—pink, green, and gold; and woolen borders for tables, brackets, &c., can be had ready fringed, merely requiring a cross-stitch pattern.

You can now buy perforated cloth, so that it can be worked in cross-stitch patterns without the trouble of tacking canvas over the material to be ornamented and pulling away the thread. This is called "veiling work."

The cloth is covered all over with small perforations just large enough to form a cross-stitch from one to the other; the work is easily and quickly done. Embroidery silks are used and an ordinary needle; the pattern carried out in several colors. It is applied to cushions, tablecloth borders, curtain borders for windows and fireplaces, and many other purposes.

It is becoming the fashion to throw across small occasional tables oblong covers made of plush, bordered all round to the depth of 2in. to 6in. with a darker plush, or one of a contrasting shade, edged at either end with a handsome fringe.

Cotton velvet, being better made than of yore, is now chosen as a foundation for needlework, and some charming bronze shades are worked with sweet peas and other flowers in silk.

This is applied to the square old-fashioned stools for the front of the dressing table.

The work covers the top, and a falling of silk is placed at the edge 3in. deep at least, mostly in silk or satin, the stool being covered in wool of some kind.

Tablecloths of fine cloth are buttonholed at the edge with gold thread, and have suns worked with the same, at irregular intervals, perhaps three or four in one corner only—a hint borrowed from Japanese designs.

Circles of work are also irregularly scattered about cloth and velvet, and patterns given for d'oyleys would be useful. Sometimes stars replace the suns. Everything old-fashioned would seem to be revived. Huge square footstools are powdered with embroidered chrysanthemums, and others, like mattresses, tufted with buttons, have simple blooms outlined in gold. The Chippendale and Sheraton chairs now are covered with chintz, the patterns outlined in gold thread and silk, and, if the gold thread is the best kind which will not tarnish, it is most effective.

Painted milking stools are now most universally used in drawing-rooms for putting beside five o'clock tea guests, in order that they may have a resting-place for their cups; but they are also used for seats, the tops covered with satin, padded and tufted with large buttons, and have ribbon rows on one leg.

A new tablecloth is made of three silk handkerchiefs of different colors, embroidered and edged with gold lace. A novel idea are the dark linen chairbacks, with figures from illustrated papers cut out and stuck on, and then dressed in pieces of stuff, which are appliqued on after the fashion of the Breton embroidery.

The fiat of fashion has gone out for some time that our lighted rooms are to be darkened with pink shades over candles, &c. They are apt to catch fire and hence become costly, but they can be easily made with pink blotting paper cut to shape and bordered with a narrow line of gold paper; they require only a little paste and no lining.

Large wickerwork stands for music or drawing are introduced into drawing-rooms lined with embroidered plush, and set off with handsome fringe and tassels. Birds large and small, from swans to canaries, are appliqued on to fire screens, set in a bamboo frame.

Plush bags lined with satin and displaying arms or a monogram for opera glasses are useful presents, or an ordinary work basket trimmed with oriental cottons. Tattering is a reviving industry, and round baskets of the kind are trimmed with colored chintz to hold the implements and materials.

Carpenters' baskets lined with a bright colored flannel have the outsides almost hidden by balls of wool made like dairy mats, and connected by a few stitches.

It is a good plan to have hanging up against the wall a leaf in form like the caladium, cut in cardboard and covered with plush, the veinings painted; in loops across this are inserted a clothes brush, button-hook, scissors, and a small housewife with threaded needles, pins, buttons, &c.

Necktie cases for gentlemen are useful gifts; they should be the length of the tie when folded, and consist of two slips of cardboard fastened together with ribbon and covered with satin or plush—the ties lie between.

The monogram of the owner on the outside is an improvement.

The chief novelties in drawing-room pincushions are small bellows made in cardboard covered with satin, or a doll dressed as an undergraduate in cap and gown, and a wheelbarrow made after the same order, the cushion being located inside the barrow.

Quite the newest idea is a tiny wooden cabot converted into a pincushion, being stuffed inside.

SPEAKING of hunting, Binks says the abode of the dear is a fashionable millinery shop.

Confidential Correspondents.

M. Q.—The story commenced in No. 18 of the Post.

M. E. K.—The 8th of December, 1867, was on Sunday.

O. I. T.—The marriage would not be legal without certain proof of the wife's death.

A. S. W.—Wages depend on what sort of a situation you are seeking and your qualification for it.

C. O. L.—The faces are both good-looking; the lady has decidedly the advantage. 2. A pretty hand.

BILLY.—Biscuits are best for dogs, and after a little fasting you will find no difficulty in making your dog take them.

VALERIA.—St. Paul's "thorn in the flesh" is supposed to have been a painful disease in his eyes. His death is not mentioned in the Bible.

HEATHER.—There is nothing unmaidenly in entertaining an affectionate regard for a man. The unmaidenly part in the matter is the showing it to him improperly, or speaking of it to others.

J. E.—Anything which improves the circulation of the blood is good to prevent chilblains. Exercise of all kinds, bathing in cold or tepid water, and rubbing well till in a glow on the coming out of the water, and gymnastics also.

ORPHAN.—You are certainly not compelled to maintain the old lady; it is the duty of her own son to see to her. No doubt, being a family matter, you feel anxious about it; but it is the place of her son to see that she does not want.

CHRYSAN.—A "gooseberry picker" is one who has all the toil and discomfort of picking a troublesome fruit for the delectation of others. To "do gooseberry" is to go and do propriety with a pair of lovers, and is derived from the same idea.

L. A. C.—A lady does not rise when a gentleman is introduced to her, unless he is of such exalted rank that the respect is necessary. 2. Louise from the French, signifies for the people. 3. A very lady-like hand; quite suitable for a clerkship.

ESPOIR.—The stammer may have something to do with your health. Reading aloud very slowly in a room when quite alone, taking especial care to pronounce the letters and syllables in which you find your greatest difficulty, may aid you to conquer the trouble.

TROUBLE.—We know of nothing else that you can do; but can, at least, advise you not to irritate your friend by perpetual remonstrances and entreaties to change his course of life, or you may defeat your purpose, and, like an ill-trained horse, he may take the bit between his teeth.

INSTANCE.—A canon is a person who possesses a prebend, or revenue, allotted for the performance of service in a cathedral. Originally canons were merely priests. The word is from the Greek "kanon," a straight rod or pole, and it signifies three things—a rule, a pension of fixed revenue to live on and a catalogue or matricula.

E. L.—Any strain on the vocal organs is likely to injure them, and some persons do strain those organs in cornet playing. Many singers are troubled also, and the thing to do is to find out by careful experiments how not to over-exert the delicate instrument put by nature within the throat. It would not be amiss should you write to a book-seller for some standard book on the voice.

IONE.—Lapland is divided between Norway, Sweden, and Russia. There are about 34,000 inhabitants in all, scattered over wide deserts, and speaking three distinct dialects. They are nominally Christian, but retain some forms of ancient superstitions, such as serpent worship. The form of government, so far as there is one, is patriarchal. They speak a language allied to that of the Finns.

JULIET.—Andromeda was the daughter of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia, and Cassiope. Neptune drowned the kingdom, and sent a sea monster to ravage the country, because Cassiope had boasted herself fairer than Juno and the Nereides. The oracle being consulted, the order was given that Andromeda should be given up to the monster. Thereupon she was chained to a rock; but Perseus rescued her, and turned the monster into a rock by displaying the Medusa's head.

DUMPS.—Do not fret over having nothing to do. Every day brings its little opportunities, over and above the regular home duties, opportunities for saying a kind word, if not doing a kind, unselfish deed, or restraining a hasty temper. It seems that you let your opportunities for good slip by, while you are dreaming or uselessly moralising. You remind us of the child who was asked by her father why she did not put her penny into the plate. "Because, papa, I did not wish my right hand to know what my left hand did, nor my left know what my right hand did, so while I was thinking the plate passed by."

PETS.—An "old maid" is a term of reproach; but that any opprobrium should be connected with an unmarried state is not only ungenerous, but unjust. In all cases of bargaining and making purchases, the best is supposed to have been selected and the refuse at last cast aside; and, according to this new view, the merits of the unmarried are ganged. True, some have been soured by disappointments, and have grown melancholy as well as eccentric, from living alone and the slights to which they are exposed, more especially in the matter of precedence. But amongst these despised women some of the most beautiful characters may be found, and it chiefly depends on themselves to gain the respect and consideration which should be accorded to them. Bear this in mind, and dignify the position should Providence assign it to you.

A. B. C.—You subjected yourself to the caprices of a stranger in the most reckless and undignified way. When that person presumed to address you, you should have taken no notice and walked on, and if there happened to be any natural reason to excuse such presumption on the part of a stranger you should have declined walking with him, unless on a proper introduction, as your family had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. We are shocked to hear that your family know nothing about it. You should never walk out with any man without the permission of your mother. It is a gross act of impropriety and ignoring of parental authority. If this man desired your acquaintance he should have set about it in the proper way, and obtained an introduction, acting openly, and not taking advantage of your ignorance of common propriety, and forcing his acquaintance on you clandestinely.